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"HOW MANY TIMES SHALL CÆSAR BLEED IN SPORT."

Brutus Bennett. "Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded."

Shakspeare.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1874.

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THE RECALL.

WHEN Mr. TILDEN was nominated we said that his election would be the verdict of New York that the administration of the government, national as well as State, should be transferred from the Republicans to the Democrats, and that when the "off year" and the spirit of reproof or indifference go to the point of defeating a party, they have gone very near to destroying it. It is pretty clear that if there had been a Presidential election this year the Republicans would have been swept out of power. But whatever explanation may be offered of the result, and whether the political revolution be supposed to show a deliberate preference of the people for the Democratic party or not, it does show a profound and overwhelming dissatisfaction with the existing situation. The off year may be justly urged as a reason for regarding the result as a warning only; and we admit that under the circumstances no one can fairly tell whether the Republican principles and policy are condemned or merely the mismanagement of the party and its betrayal of its own principles and spirit. This is a point which can be decided only by returning promptly and honestly to the Republican platform, principles, and spirit, and contesting upon them the election of 1876. To do that effectively we must first understand what the real issues of the hour are, and then see what is the Republican position upon them.

But before all other issues goes that of honest and honorable administration. No noble traditions, no great achievements, no lofty principles, no party discipline, will take the place of that. It is something which every body perceives and comprehends. It is an account made up every day. The American people read the newspapers, and they are in the main intelligent and clear-sighted. For fifteen years they have kept the Democratic party out of national power, and they will never restore it unless they despair of the Republican. The revolution that we have just seen is the evidence both of the independence and intelligence of those who give the victory to one or the other of the great parties. BUTLER was defeated and GASTON elected by Republicans, not by Democrats, and the results in Massachusetts probably show the real significance of the elections. A change is demanded by Republicans, and that change is a return to the real convictions and purpose of the party. After honesty and economy of administration, which are indispensable, there are three practical national questions before the country—administrative reform, the finances, and the Southern situation. They all grow out of the old question of slavery and the rebellion, and there is no more feeble folly than the assertion that loss of memory is great statesmanship.

Now upon all these issues the position which the Republican party has authoritatively taken should be rigidly maintained. It is the desertion of that position which has brought the party into trouble. Administrative reform means securing the efficiency and purity of the public service, and this is to be done not by wishing for it, but by devising and maintaining detailed methods of reform. Upon this question the Republican ground was plainly laid down in the last National Convention as follows:

> "Any system of the civil service under which the subordinate positions of the government are considered rewards for mere party zeal is fatally demoralizing; and we therefore favor a reform of the system by laws which shall abolish the evils of patronage, and make honesty, efficiency, and fidelity the essential qualifications for public positions, without practically creating a life tenure of office."

That is the Republican position upon administrative reform; and the desertion of it by the President and by Congress is one of the reasons which have alienated Republicans. Return to it will be so far the return of popular confidence and support. Had the spirit of this declaration controlled the Administration, as the party had a right to expect, Mr. FLANAGAN would not have dispensed the patronage in Texas, causing the necessity of the late wholesale changes; nor would Collector CASEY in New Orleans have taken off part of a Legislature in a revenue-cutter to prevent a quorum; nor would the situation of Louisiana have become a lever to lift the Republican party; nor would General BUTLER have been allowed to manage the Custom-house at his pleasure in Massachusetts; nor would Postmaster FILLEY have openly assessed his clerks in St. Louis; nor would the best Republicans in South Carolina have asked in vain that the representatives of the government should not be hand and glove with knaves; nor would the management of the party in New York have been wholly in the control of the Federal officers; nor would the rules of the President have been openly despised in the few places where there was any pretense of enforcing them, and in conspicuous instances deliberately disregarded by the President himself. The policy of the Republican party in the tempest which has overtaken it is to return to the Republican position and "stick."

Next is the question of the finances. The Republican position upon this subject is stated in the same authoritative manner by the National Convention:

> "We denounce repudiation of the public debt, in any form or disguise, as a national crime. We witness with pride the reduction of the principal of the debt, and of the rates of interest upon the balance, and confidently expect that our excellent national currency will be perfected by a speedy resumption of specie payment."

Here is the authoritative declaration of the party in favor of hard money at the earliest possible moment. But a Republican Congress, under the leadership of eminent Republicans, violated this virtual pledge and the just expectation of Republicans. The Democratic party, indeed, shares all the shame of the act by voting for it, but it was the minority, and not responsible. The Democratic party also is the only one which has any where deliberately declared for repudiation, as in its Indiana Convention of this year, which demanded the repeal of the act of March, 1869, and in its National Convention of 1868, which passed a resolution of virtual repudiation. Had the Republican party stood faithfully to its position, by its votes in Congress as well as by the President's veto, it might have lost Messrs. MORTON, LOGAN, and BUTLER as leaders, but it would have saved to its ranks in this election thousands and thousands of men who are not willing that their currency shall be a lie. Return to the financial faith and position of the best Republicans is the true policy of the party in preparing for 1876.

The third great issue is the Southern situation. There is no short-cut to peace and prosperity at the South. The slavery which imbruted the laborer barbarized the master, and the refusal of the master class to cooperate in reconstruction is one chief source of the present confusion. That class seems in this election, especially in Louisiana, to have done what from the first it should have sought to do—it has in some degree divided the colored vote. The Republican position upon this subject is simple and intelligible, and, like its other policies, is plainly stated in its last national declaration:

> "The recent amendments to the national Constitution should be cordially sustained because they are right, not merely tolerated because they are law, and should be carried out according to their spirit by appropriate legislation, the enforcement of which can safely be intrusted only to the party that secured those amendments.
>
> "Complete liberty and exact equality in the enjoyment of all civil, political, and public rights should be established and effectually maintained throughout the Union by efficient and appropriate State and Federal legislation. Neither the law nor its administration should admit any discrimination in respect of citizens by reason of race, creed, color, or previous condition of servitude."

This is a declaration that the new amendments and the necessary laws for their enforcement may most wisely be left to those who believe in them. The Republican policy has been brought into discredit by causes which we have already mentioned, and by a feeling that the laws were not used to protect the colored citizens, but to intimidate the white, thus making more plausible the Democratic plea that that was their object. The recent report of General M'DOWELL is conclusive evidence of the practical terrorism of the negro which exists in certain parts of the Southern States, and of the fact that there is no local or State protection. The duty of Republicans is by proper administrative reform to remove all suspicion of abuse of the laws, and to stand fast to the principle that the civil and political equality conferred by the United States shall not be abandoned without remedy to the care of a hostile community. But, besides this, it is the Republican duty to show in the relation of the national government to the Southern States that it aims only at justice and fair play; and that it would do whatever it properly may to restore that feeling of confidence which is the necessary condition of peaceful and prosperous industry. This can be done in the plain sight of the country by the removal of the Republicans who are associated with all the foul play in the South, and by withholding the national hand except when its interference is evidently required. There is no desire, as we believe, upon the part of the intelligent majority of the country to intrust without appeal those whom the United States have freed to the care of the class and the party which are responsible for the vagrant laws and the black codes. That policy may give peace and order, as slavery did, but it would be the order of Warsaw. It is not confidence in Democratic policy, it is distrust of Republican agents, which has been shown in the election.

The word of Republican reorganization for victory in 1876 is simply return to the Republican policy, and fidelity to it. Administrative reform, redemption of the public faith, and fair play in the Southern States are distinctively the demand of the public intelligence and conscience, which are the strength of the party, and which have been set aside in its management. One more session of Congress remains to the Republican majority, and there is always the powerful Republican press. Let both do their duty. It is proved now that contempt of principles and pledges, and the mere crack of the party whip, are not practical wisdom. The sweeping result of the election is a rebuke, expressed in the only way that it could be expressed, of the betrayal of the Republican cause by Republican leaders. It is the declaration that the Democratic party, with all its infamous history, is preferable to the Republican party recreant to the just demands of honorable and intelligent Republicans. But it is not a declaration that Republicanism, returning to itself, will lose control of the national administration in 1876.

GOVERNOR DIX AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

GOVERNOR DIX has the happy consciousness in his defeat that he owes it not to himself, but to a discontent for which he is not responsible. Indeed, he and such as he were the strongest Republican arguments during the campaign; and the fact that he was not the choice of the party managers in the State is one of the explanations of the result. Had he been the candidate of the managers as of course, and had their support of him been faithful and generous, it would have been because they sought only the best men, and they would not have forfeited the confidence of the party. Governor DIX's administration has been so honorable and able, and has contrasted so strongly with that of his Democratic predecessor, that in retiring he takes with him the grateful respect of his fellow-citizens, and leaves to his successor an example that he may emulate, but can not hope to surpass. The ripe age of Governor DIX is crowned with many and great public honors, and calumny itself has been unable to stain his fame. Bred a Democrat, and by temperament conservative, he did not hesitate to desert his party when his party deserted patriotism and loyalty to liberty. From the nest of treason which the last Democratic cabinet was he spoke the ringing words which became the battle-cry of the Union and of American freedom, as earlier in the Senate he had withstood and denounced the malign power that dominated his party. These and such as these are the incidents with which history will decorate the record of the constant and illustrious services which Governor DIX has rendered to his State and country.

His successor, Mr. TILDEN, no longer a young man, now enters upon his conspicuous public career. The circumstances of his election make him the most probable Presidential candidate of his party in 1876, and his energies will be bent to secure that nomination. Mr. TILDEN is known in the State as an unswerving partisan and shrewd political manager, an able, amiable, and timid man. As Governor, he will be and do what his party permits. As a candidate for the Presidency, he will not quarrel with any faction of his party, neither with the Western Democratic managers, who, Mr. JOHN KELLY says, are the friends of the corrupt Canal Ring, nor with Mr. JOHN KELLY's Tammany Hall, which the Western managers declare to be no better than TWEED's Tammany. Mr. TILDEN's aim will be to harmonize the two, and to win the support of both.

In his speech at the Manhattan Club after the election Mr. TILDEN said many things in which all good citizens will agree, but he also cast a gloom over the festivities by saying that he and his friend Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR deeply lamented that there is scarcely "a man under forty or fifty years of age who has had an opportunity to learn the true principles of American free government." Is it, then, those ripe Democratic leaders of an earlier day, JEFFERSON DAVIS, JAMES M. MASON, JAMES BUCHANAN, JOHN R. FLOYD, JACOB THOMPSON, HOWELL COBB, and the rest, who monopolize with Mr. TILDEN and Mr. SEYMOUR all knowledge of the true principles of the American government? Had the party of which Mr. TILDEN has been always an uncompromising supporter, even when TWEED was its New York master, remained in control of the national government, it would have still prated of Jeffersonian principles and American freedom, while it would have "constitutionally" spread human slavery all over the free Territories; have authorized the Carolina slave lord to hold his slaves in New York; have made the American flag a flag of shame, and the American name a stench in the nostrils of Justice and Humanity.

The American Union has been saved to universal liberty and constitutional freedom not by the party which stole the livery of THOMAS JEFFERSON to serve slavery in, but by those faithful Democrats and Whigs who, uniting in the Republican party, elected ABRAHAM LINCOLN against the strenuous opposition of Messrs. TILDEN and SEYMOUR, and then, against the armed hostility of the Democrats at the South and the passive opposition of the Democratic party at the North, took care with LINCOLN that government of the people, by the people, for the people, should not perish from the earth. If Americans under forty and fifty years of age are to learn under the name of the true principles of the American government the doctrines maintained and practiced by the Democratic party, their ignorance of them is a public blessing. For if any party was ever false to the great trust of constitutional republican liberty, it was the Democratic party of Mr. TILDEN and Mr. SEYMOUR, under whose dominance the government had become a mere conspiracy against equal rights.

SUPPORTING THE PARTY.

Now that the Republican party enters upon a new epoch, it is well to understand distinctly what is meant by supporting the party. Mr. CONKLING in his Brooklyn speech said: "What is the sense of belonging to a party a little, belonging to it off and on? If it is not fit to belong to, no one should belong to it at all. If it is fit—if, despite the unworthy members and flaws and short-comings which inhere in all human associations, it is the better of the two parties—then why not go for it and go with it and make the best of it?" And Mr. DAWES, in Massachusetts, went into BUTLER's district and urged his election, not that he approved his conduct or his opinions upon many important subjects, but that the party line of the Massachusetts representation in Congress might be unbroken. Are these gentlemen aware that this policy is just what has defeated the party? If standing by the party means standing by the unworthy members and flaws and short-comings—if going for it and going with it and making the best of it means going for the salary grab, and the moieties, and SANBORN, JAYNE, & Co., and Governor SHEPHERD and Judge DURELL, and BUTLER's tactics and moralities, and nominations like those of Mr. CHARLES S. SPENCER and Mr. BERNARD BIGLIN and Mr. JAMES O'BRIEN—how can any self-respecting man come to any other conclusion than that such a party, in Senator CONKLING's phrase, is not fit to belong to?

It is the men who belong to a party a little, and belong to it off and on, who make it successful, because they insist upon good men and good measures. It is those who "go for it" always and under all circumstances who defeat it, because, as Mr. JOHN COCHRANE said, they support the devil if he is only regularly nominated. These are the people upon whom knaves count to secure their schemes. The argument urged by Mr. DAWES in support of BUTLER was used two years ago in South Carolina for the support of MOSES. It ends in electing rascals to give us honest government. Mr.

DAWES said that he differed with BUTLER upon many questions. But they are fundamental questions. What, then, even from his own point of view, was to be gained by sending an unbroken Republican Massachusetts line to Congress if it was to be broken the moment it arrived?

With the present machinery of both parties, to insist upon sustaining the party, which means merely the regularly nominated candidates and the declarations of regular conventions, is to insist upon surrendering the government to a clique of intriguers and traders. Every Democrat who supports the regular city ticket in New York knows that he is voting only as Mr. JOHN KELLY and Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY choose; but he goes for it, Mr. JIMMY HAYES and all, because, in Senator CONKLING's phrase, he thinks it the better of the two parties. Now the way to sustain and strengthen and perpetuate a great party is to oppose and scratch and defeat all its unworthy candidates. And why? Because if it is found that "regularity" and "the party" can not pull a bad man through, only good men will be nominated. For what is a party? It is a means, not a master. It is a convenience which patriotic men use to serve the public welfare. But such men know that the public welfare can not be served by dishonest and incompetent men, whatever they call themselves. And therefore it is no argument to tell them that if one of the rascals is elected, the other will be. There is no choice between rascals. To belong to a party is not to accept and defend every thing that may be done in its name, and to support all candidates who may contrive to secure its nomination: it is to support its measures and its men when, and when only, they are worthy of support.

PUBLIC OPINION.

THIS is a government of public opinion, and the Republican party contains so much intelligence and independence that its Administration should have been peculiarly observant of the movements of public sentiment. That the general opinion is often whimsical and unreasonable may be true, but it determines the vote. The cry of Cæsarism, of the third term, as of extravagance and corruption, may have been foolish and unfounded, but it is the first duty of sagacious statesmanship to know the force of little currents and eddies, and to understand that popular objections and doubts can not be answered by superb disdain. When the Custom-house investigation and the French arms inquiry were proposed in 1871, there were eminent Republican leaders who said that the campaign of mud was now opened, and that the object was to disclose all kinds of facts unintelligible to the general public, and only intended to harm the Administration. But whatever the motive may have been, the facts to regard were that the public was interested and suspicious, and that resistance of any kind merely confirmed those suspicions and wounded the party. Why oppose, if there was nothing to conceal? That the proposition came from opponents was true, but the way to destroy its force was to hasten to meet it and to comply.

It is now evident that it would have been wiser if the President had long ago expressed a resolution not to accept a third nomination, and if the Republican Convention of New York had declared against a third term. It was called a sensation, a joke, a newspaper trick—perhaps it was, but it was an element in the result. "There may be something in it," was the public feeling, and it increased the general discontent. There were good precedents for declining. On the 17th of September, 1796, WASHINGTON issued his farewell address and stated that he should not be a candidate for a third nomination. And if General GRANT was of opinion that his position did not justify an address of that kind, he could have followed JEFFERSON, who was requested by the Legislature of Vermont, and subsequently by other Legislatures, to stand for a third term, and who declined. The Republican Convention of South Carolina had declared for a third term for President GRANT. Might he not wisely have made its resolution the occasion of a plain refusal to allow the project even to be considered? Moreover, when the newspapers, which are the mouths of public sentiment, have spoken generally and strongly upon such a subject, what kind of dignity is it that demands silence?

We said two or three weeks ago that the silence of the President really meant nothing, for he was always silent; that he was probably indisposed to speak to a point raised by his opponents; and that the way to deal with the subject was for the people to make a third term impossible. But it is evident that the public were not satisfied with silence, and a word from the President would have probably aided the party. It is an old axiom that it is wise to learn of the enemy; and if a fool is plainly strengthening himself by his folly, he may wisely be answered accordingly. The letter to the Cincinnati *Gazette*, which was published to show the President's feeling, far from saying that he would not accept a third nomination, says that he would accept it should the party offer it. Circumstances show that it was a mistake not to speak plainly; and it was an error due to a disregard of public opinion, which the best men, indeed, often feel, but which can not be trusted as wise politics.

FOREBODING.

THE New York *Herald*, in commenting upon the election, says: "All extreme, sudden, fantastic legislation must be repressed. Any wanton attempt to degrade the President illegally would aid him. The Southern States must be kept in peaceful relations with the Union. The defeat of GRANT must not be regarded as synonymous with the revival of rebellion. We must have no dishonest tampering with the finances. 'No secession and no repudiation' must be the watch-word of the now triumphant Democracy." This is the expression of the instinctive apprehension with which a Democratic victory is regarded. It is not felt to be the success of a legitimate opposition party, with a policy upon which the country has pronounced, but of a miscellaneous organization from which every kind of danger to the public welfare must be expected. There is not one enemy of the settled policy of the country who is not rejoiced at the result of the elections. There is not one thoughtful man who has been so dissatisfied and angry with the Republican party as to have wished and even voted for its defeat who is not secretly uneasy at the prospect of a possible national restoration of the Democratic party with all its consequences.

At the meeting of rejoicing in Tammany Hall on the evening of the election, Mr. TILDEN, Mr. JOHN KELLY, Mr. WICKHAM, Mr. COX, and others were present, and Captain RYNDERS was called upon for a speech. He was received with great applause, and said:

"I won't make you a speech, but I'll tell you a story. There was an Irishman once sat down at a hotel table, and he paid for the meal beforehand. A nigger brought him his victuals. After Pat had eaten up all the victuals the landlord peeped in, and says he, 'Why don't you eat your dinner?' 'Why,' says Pat, 'I have ate all the mate and the praties. Do you want me to ate the nigger.'"

This is the kind of thing with which Tammany Hall reeked in the day of the Democratic ascendency in the country, but which has not been heard since ABRAHAM LINCOLN was elected President. It is the expression, by a man whom BUCHANAN made Marshal of New York, of the feeling of contempt for human rights in which the Democratic party was bred, and which it insolently called respect for the Constitution. And it is the consciousness that a party with such traditions is a dangerous party which inspires such remarks as we have quoted from the *Herald*, and which gives intelligent and patriotic men a feeling of deep anxiety as they contemplate a possible Democratic triumph in 1876.

THE CHICAGO "TRIBUNE."

THE return of JOSEPH MEDILL to the control of the Chicago *Tribune*, of which he has long been one of the proprietors, is an event to be most heartily welcomed, for Mr. MEDILL is one of the ablest and most experienced journalists in the country, and a man of great sagacity and good sense. He is a Republican of the truest kind, who sees clearly the dangers and difficulties of the situation, and knows practically how to grapple with them. The regard felt for him in Chicago is shown by the fact that soon after the fire, and when the shrewdest head and strongest hand were necessary in the control of affairs, he was elected Mayor of the city by common consent. Since his official term expired he has been in Europe, and returns in his vigorous prime to the post which he prefers, and for which he is so singularly fitted. The Chicago *Tribune* will be none the less independent now that it will be decidedly Republican; and its censure of Republican shortcomings will be as sincere and trenchant as its commendation of Republican desert. Mr. MEDILL is, we believe, an advocate of a single long term for the Presidency, and the third term will have no countenance from him. He was also one of the original members of the Civil Service Commission, and took an active and most valuable part in its early deliberations, signing the first report and heartily agreeing in its conclusions and recommendations. He returns to his old post at a most important moment, and his influence will be widely and beneficially felt.

PERSONAL.

SOME few years since, at a gathering of men who had made themselves famous in literature and art, it was asked, "Who is the most distinguished gentleman in America?" The answer, by an eminent author, was, "Mr. BRYANT." The occurrence of Mr. BRYANT's eightieth birthday was made the occasion for a very delightful ceremonial on the part of a number of prominent gentlemen of this city, mostly members of the Century Club, who presented to him a congratulatory address, in which it was announced that they had ordered to be prepared in commemoration of the event a superb vase, on which will be engraved representations of the most prominent incidents of his life. This, when finished, is to be placed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art as a lasting memorial of their esteem and affection. The journalists of the United States will be eager to record this appropriate tribute to him who now outranks them all in years of continuous service, and who adds to that distinction the honor of being the first poet of his time. Whether in the beautiful creations of his fancy or in the more matter-of-fact and practical duties of journalism, Mr. BRYANT may be said to have had always in view the intellectual elevation and the moral and social advancement of his fellow-men. The force of commendation could no further go.

—WILL CARLETON made a great hit with his *Farm Ballads*. The happy mingling of wit, humor, and pathos in these unique poems made them take immensely with the public. They had a splendid run in the newspapers on their appearance in *Harper's Weekly*, and since their publication in book form, less than eighteen months ago, nearly 40,000 copies of the volume have been printed and sold by the Messrs. HARPER. The fame of these ballads has also been wafted across the Atlantic. An American reader has introduced them to London audiences with great success, and it is related that on a recent evening, after the entertainment, two gentlemen of high rank came to him and begged a copy of "Over the Hill to the Poor-house," and "that poem is now printed on the programmes nightly at Egyptian Hall."

—Apropos of CARLETON's success, here is another little incident that goes to show the change that has come over the British public since SYDNEY SMITH's ill-natured fling about American books. An American novel published some months ago by the Messrs. HARPER, under the title of *Joseph the Jew*, made so favorable an impression abroad that the author, Miss VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON, a young lady of rare literary gifts and accomplishments, received very flattering proposals to take up her residence in London, and pursue her literary career in that city. Miss JOHNSON preferred, however, to try the experiment of another novel in her own country. Her second work, just published by the Messrs. HARPER under the title of *A Sack of Gold*, has elicited warm praise from some of the leading organs of public opinion, and will greatly enhance her reputation as a writer.

—WILLIAM H. RINEHART, the sculptor, who died a few days since in Rome, was a Maryland man, and an artist of great merit. On his father's farm a marble quarry was discovered, from which grave-stones were made, and in cutting and ornamenting in a rude way these memorials of the dead, young RINEHART gradually developed the talent with which he was endowed. His first bust was of General JACKSON, which he carved directly from the block without previous modeling. In 1854, at the age of about twenty-nine, with scanty means, he went to Italy, where he studied for two years, which, with the exception of two years, became his future home, where he executed those works which have given him his fame. Most of these, including many busts, are in possession of prominent Baltimoreans, who knew and appreciated his genius. By his will his estate, valued at about $50,000, is given to trustees to be used for art purposes in Baltimore, with the exception of $10,000 left to his brothers, who are prosperous.

—The mansion of the late JOHN C. CALHOUN was sold a few days since at auction for $14,000, under a mortgage foreclosure of $22,000. It is a fine house, situated upon a noble eminence, commanding a wide view of the surrounding country. It is at the junction of Twelve-mile Creek and Keowee River, in Anderson County, South Carolina.

—MACDONALD's statue of FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, to be placed in Central Park, has been modeled, and is now in the hands of the moulders for reproduction in bronze. The poet is represented seated in an antique chair on the lawn, in the act of writing. The likeness is pronounced to be very good, the chair very bad. The whole cost is $15,000.

—It is said that the memoirs of TALLEYRAND will appear in a few months, according to the directions in the prince's will. Thirty years he decreed they should remain in manuscript. That time has passed. He died in 1838, and those who were contemporaneous with him, and who, if any, were to be the subjects of his sarcasm, have long since passed away. Indeed, nothing of TALLEYRAND remains save a few of his witticisms—very few that were really clever—for he did nothing great or good to entitle him to the remembrance of his countrymen or the world. The ablest of his essays is his *Mémoire sur les Relations Commerciales des Etats Unis vers 1797*, and this is entirely forgotten.

—Admiral FOOTE, whose life has recently been published by HARPER & BROTHERS, was a son of the late Senator FOOTE, of Connecticut, whose resolution formed the occasion of WEBSTER's great reply to Senator HAYNE, of South Carolina. The two orators met at the house of a friend on the evening after that memorable debate, when Mr. WEBSTER very courteously offered his hand and said, "How are you, Colonel HAYNE?" to which the colonel made his well-remembered reply, "None the better for seeing you, Sir!"

—One of Boston's latest notions is the Papyrus Club, composed of a few well-known literary men, who meet to talk, and occasionally take—at least we presume they do. Of the members is Mr. W. D. HOWELLS, who is described as having a stout figure, a large head, short dark hair parted in the middle, a heavy dark mustache, keen yet pleasant eyes, and altogether, though not just the man that fancy would paint as the presiding genius of the *Atlantic*, is a thoroughly genial gentleman. In conversation and manner he impresses those around him, unconsciously to himself, with that degree of mental power and intellectual capacity which fits him for the responsible place he so well fills. Another Papyrus (he is the father of twins) is Mr. T. B. ALDRICH, poet, author, editor; short in stature, curly brown hair, well-waxed mustache; ready in wit, bright story-teller, and admirable in every way. Another is Mr. E. P. WHIPPLE, author and lecturer; wears specs, is dignified and scholarly. Although as writer and lecturer he is of the critics critical, yet he is one of the wittiest of men, with a keen sense of the ridiculous, and often gets them all a-laughing when that expression of enjoyment is untimely.

—Mr. JOSEPH MEDILL having purchased the controlling interest in the Chicago *Tribune*, has assumed its editorial direction in place of Mr. HORACE WHITE, who has had control for nine years past, during which time its profits have averaged nearly $150,000 per annum. The stock of the *Tribune* is $200,000, divided into 200 shares of $1000 each. Mr. COWLES, the business manager, and Mr. WHITE, sold sixty shares to Mr. MEDILL at $5000 per share, which shows the actual value of the establishment to be about $1,000,000. Mr. MEDILL now owns 106 shares. Mr. WHITE, who is recognized as one of the ablest editorial writers and managers of the West, proposes to make a protracted visit to Europe, after which it will be optional with him to take the position of an editorial writer on the paper.

—The general tone of gravity which pervaded the proceedings of the late Episcopal General Convention was frequently enlivened with a little honest hilarity. Thus, for instance, it was in a rather moist discussion on the baptismal rubric. The hour had elapsed, and it was time to take up another subject. Dr. ADAMS, who is of Irish nativity, wished to continue the discussion, but Mr. WELSH said "no." "I hope we shall continue the discussion in English, not in Welsh," said Dr. ADAMS. "I shall be satisfied," was the answer, "as long as it is not carried on in Irish." Professor COPPÉE's speech on the same subject was humorous; it was this:

"Hark, in the lobby hear a lion roar!
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door?
Or, Mr. Speaker, shall we let him in,
To see how quick we'll turn him out again?"

Of the many who have proved themselves admirable debaters and skillful parliamentarians, perhaps no one has taken so high a rank as the Rev. Dr. DE KOVEN, whose extreme High-Church views were so quickly crucified, and now lie stiff and stark.

—Dr. HAYES, the explorer, has written a letter commenting on the Austrian polar expedition, in which he declares his conviction that the "open polar sea" may be reached by a steam-vessel through Smith Sound, and he announces his readiness to start on another voyage of arctic exploration when the funds are provided.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ELECTIONS were held, November 3, in twenty-three States, resulting, with but few exceptions, in Democratic victories. The returns up to November 9 show as follows: New York, Democratic majority on Governor, about 45,000, and 20 Democratic majority in Assembly; New Jersey, Democratic majority, 12,000, with 5 out of 7 Congressmen, and working majority in the Legislature; Massachusetts, Gaston (Democrat) Governor, plurality 7000, and General Butler defeated, with Legislature Republican; Pennsylvania, Democratic majority on Lieutenant-Governor, 5000, with 17 Democratic Congressmen and 10 Republican; Alabama, Democratic majority, 12,000; Kansas, Republican majority, 12,000 to 15,000; Georgia, Democrats claim entire Congressional ticket; Virginia, Democratic gain of 3 Congressmen; Arkansas, entire Congressional ticket Democratic; Alabama, Democratic majority, 16,000; Wisconsin, Republican majority, 6000; Maryland, Democratic majority, 14,000; Vermont, Judge Poland defeated for Congress; Illinois, Democratic majority, 12,000; Nevada, Republicans claim all but Governor and Lieutenant-Governor; Missouri, 30,000 to 40,000 Democratic majority; Michigan, 3000 Republican majority; Tennessee, 45,000 Democratic majority; South Carolina, Chamberlain (Republican) elected Governor by 6000 majority; Rhode Island, both Congressmen Republicans; Minnesota, 3 Republican Congressmen elected.

The forests of New Hampshire in the vicinity of Durham, Suncook, and Nashua are on fire, and much alarm is felt for the safety of the towns. A heavy northwest gale has spread the flames with great rapidity.

Ex-Governor Enos T. Throop, of the State of New York, died at his residence, Willowbrook, near Auburn, on the 1st inst., aged ninety years.

An officer sent from Fort M'Pherson, Nebraska, a few days ago by General Ord to visit all sections of the grasshopper district reports that he finds no cases of actual starvation, but much suffering, some of which has been partially relieved. Relief must be given, or hundreds will starve before the winter is over.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE German project of government for the conquered provinces of Alsace and Lorraine has been promulgated in an imperial decree dated October 29. There will be a Representative Assembly, composed of ten delegates from each district diet, to be elected for three years. It will express its views upon the budget and upon bills not reserved for imperial legislation, and also upon bills which are not subject to discussion by the district diets. The sittings will be private, and will be fixed as to time and place by the Emperor. The Assembly in expressing its views to the imperial government must also give the views of the minority.

The twelve thousand colliers who struck in the West Riding of Yorkshire have resumed work pending the settlement of their demands by arbitration. The agricultural laborers of Lincolnshire threaten a strike. The farmers insist on a reduction of three shillings per week in the wages of the farm hands, and the Union threatens the emigration of many laborers if the cessation of work continues.

The Carlists, under General Elio, began the bombardment of Irun on the 4th inst. Many petroleum shells were thrown into the city. Nine houses had been fired at latest accounts, and the town much shattered. General Loma has set on foot vigorous measures for the relief of the place.

A special dispatch from Vienna says that the Duke Decazes has notified Austria that the French government is convinced that Germany did not inspire the recent Spanish note, and that the German cabinet, on the contrary, approves of the recent policy of France with regard to the enforcement of neutrality on the Spanish frontier.

The latest advices from Buenos Ayres report the city tranquil, but the state of siege continued. The insurgent army, under Rivas, had retreated southward, and the government troops pursuing had captured one piece of artillery. The authorities are hopeful of suppressing the rebellion before the end of the present month.

The troubles between China and Japan have been amicably arranged. China agrees to pay an indemnity of 500,000 taels, in consideration of which the Japanese troops are to be withdrawn from Formosa.

WILLIAM H. WICKHAM, MAYOR ELECT OF NEW YORK CITY.—Phot. by C. D. Fredricks & Co.—[See Page 954.]

SAMUEL J. TILDEN, GOVERNOR ELECT OF NEW YORK.—Photographed by Sarony.—[See Page 954.]

[This Story was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY dated October 10, 1874.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADALE" "MAN AND WIFE," "THE MOONSTONE," ETC.

Part I.—Paradise Lost.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MAN'S DECISION.

MY first impulse was the reckless impulse to follow Eustace—openly through the streets.

The major and Benjamin both opposed this hasty resolution on my part. They appealed to my own sense of self-respect, without (so far as I remember it) producing the slightest effect on my mind. They were more successful when they entreated me next to be patient for my husband's sake. In mercy to Eustace they begged me to wait half an hour. If he failed to return in that time, they pledged themselves to accompany me in search of him to the hotel.

In mercy to Eustace I consented to wait. What I suffered under the forced necessity for remaining passive at that crisis in my life no words of mine can tell. It will be better if I go on with my narrative.

Benjamin was the first to ask me what had passed between my husband and myself.

"You may speak freely, my dear," he said. "I know what has happened since you have been in Major Fitz-David's house. No one has told me about it; I found it out for myself. If you remember, I was struck by the name of 'Macallan,' when you first mentioned it to me at my cottage. I couldn't guess why at the time. I know why now."

Hearing this, I told them both unreservedly what I had said to Eustace, and how he had received it. To my unspeakable disappointment, they both sided with my husband, treating my view of his position as a mere dream. They said it, as he had said it, "You have not read the Trial."

I was really enraged with them. "The facts are enough for *me*," I said. "We know he is innocent. Why is his innocence not proved? It ought to be, it must be, it shall be! If the Trial tells me it can't be done, I refuse to believe the Trial. Where is the book, major? Let me see for myself if his lawyers have left nothing for his wife to do. Did they love him as I love him? Give me the book!"

Major Fitz-David looked at Benjamin.

"It will only additionally shock and distress her if I give her the book," he said. "Don't you agree with me?"

I interposed before Benjamin could answer.

"If you refuse my request," I said, "you will oblige me, major, to go to the nearest bookseller and tell him to buy the Trial for me. I am determined to read it."

This time Benjamin sided with me.

"Nothing can make matters worse than they are, Sir," he said. "If I may be permitted to advise, let her have her own way."

The major rose and took the book out of the Italian cabinet, to which he had consigned it for safe-keeping.

"My young friend tells me that she informed you of her regretable outbreak of temper a few days since," he said as he handed me the volume. "I was not aware at the time what book she had in her hand when she so far forgot herself as to destroy the vase. When I left you in the study I supposed the Report of the Trial to be in its customary place on the top shelf of the book-case, and I own I felt some curiosity to know whether you would think of examining that shelf. The broken vase—it is needless to conceal it from you now—was one of a pair presented to me by your husband and his first wife only a week before the poor woman's terrible death. I felt my first presentiment that you were on the brink of discovery when I found you looking at the fragments, and I fancy I betrayed to you that something of the sort was disturbing me. You looked as if you noticed it."

"I did notice it, major. And I too had a vague idea that I was on the way to discovery. Will you look at your watch? Have we waited half an hour yet?"

My impatience had misled me. The ordeal of the half hour was not yet at an end.

Slowly and more slowly the heavy minutes followed each other, and still there were no signs of my husband's return. We tried to continue our conversation, and failed. Nothing was audible; no sounds but the ordinary sounds of the street disturbed the dreadful silence. Try as I might to repel it, there was one foreboding thought that pressed closer and closer on my mind as the interval of waiting wore its weary way on. I shuddered as I asked myself if our married life had come to an end—if Eustace had really left me.

The major saw what Benjamin's slower perception had not yet discovered—that my fortitude was beginning to sink under the unrelieved oppression of suspense.

"Come!" he said. "Let us go to the hotel."

It then wanted nearly five minutes to the half hour. I *looked* my gratitude to Major Fitz-David for sparing me those last minutes: I could not speak to him or to Benjamin. In silence we three got into a cab and drove to the hotel.

The landlady met us in the hall. Nothing had been seen or heard of Eustace. There was a letter waiting for me up stairs on the table in our sitting-room. It had been left at the hotel by a messenger only a few minutes since.

Trembling and breathless, I ran up the stairs, the two gentlemen following me. The address of the letter was in my husband's handwriting. My heart sank in me as I looked at the lines; there could be but one reason for his writing to me. That closed envelope held his farewell words. I sat with the letter on my lap, stupefied, incapable of opening it.

Kind-hearted Benjamin attempted to comfort and encourage me. The major, with his larger experience of women, warned the old man to be silent.

"Wait!" I heard him whisper. "Speaking to her will do no good now. Give her time."

Acting on a sudden impulse, I held out the letter to him as he spoke. Even moments might be of importance, if Eustace had indeed left me. To give me time might be to lose the opportunity of recalling him.

"You are his old friend," I said. "Open his letter, major, and read it for me."

Major Fitz-David opened the letter and read it through to himself. When he had done he threw it on the table with a gesture which was almost a gesture of contempt.

"There is but one excuse for him," he said. "The man is mad."

Those words told me all. I knew the worst; and, knowing it, I could read the letter. It ran thus:

"MY BELOVED VALERIA,—When you read these lines you read my farewell words. I return to my solitary unfriended life—my life before I knew you.

"My darling, you have been cruelly treated. You have been entrapped into marrying a man who has been publicly accused of poisoning his first wife—and who has not been honorably and completely acquitted of the charge. And you know it!

"Can you live on terms of mutual confidence and mutual esteem with me when I have committed this fraud, and when I stand toward you in this position? It was possible for you to live with me happily while you were in ignorance of the truth. It is *not* possible, now you know all.

"No! the one atonement I can make is—to leave you. Your one chance of future happiness is to be disassociated, at once and forever, from my dishonored life. I love you, Valeria—truly, devotedly, passionately. But the spectre of the poisoned woman rises between us. It makes no difference that I am innocent even of the thought of harming my first wife. My innocence has not been proved. In this world my innocence can never be proved. You are young and loving, and generous and hopeful. Bless others, Valeria, with your rare attractions and your delightful gifts. They are of no avail with *me*. The poisoned woman stands between us. If you live with me now, you will see her as I see her. *That* torture shall never be yours. I love you. I leave you.

"Do you think me hard and cruel? Wait a little, and time will change that way of thinking. As the years go on you will say to yourself, 'Basely as he deceived me, there was some generosity in him. He was man enough to release me of his own free-will.'

"Yes, Valeria, I fully, freely release you. If it be possible to annul our marriage, let it be done. Recover your liberty by any means that you may be advised to employ; and be assured beforehand of my entire and implicit submission. My lawyers have the necessary instructions on this subject. Your uncle has only to communicate with them, and I think he will be satisfied of my resolution to do you justice. The one interest that I have now left in life is my interest in your welfare and your happiness in the time to come. Your welfare and your happiness are no longer to be found in your union with Me.

"I can write no more. This letter will wait for you at the hotel. It will be useless to attempt to trace me. I know my own weakness. My heart is all yours: I might yield to you if I let you see me again.

"Show these lines to your uncle, and to any friends whose opinions you may value. I have only to sign my dishonored name, and every one will understand and applaud my motive for writing as I do. The name justifies—amply justifies—the letter. Forgive me and forget me. Farewell.

"EUSTACE MACALLAN."

In those words he took his leave of me. We had then been married—six days.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WOMAN'S ANSWER.

THUS far I have written of myself with perfect frankness, and, I think I may fairly add, with some courage as well. My frankness fails me and my courage fails me when I look back to my husband's farewell letter, and try to recall the storm of contending passions that it roused in my mind. No! I can not tell the truth about myself—I dare not tell the truth about myself—at that terrible time. Men! consult your observation of women, and imagine what I felt; women! look into your own hearts, and see what I felt, for yourselves.

What I *did*, when my mind was quiet again, is an easier matter to deal with. I answered my husband's letter. My reply to him shall appear in these pages. It will show, in some degree, what effect (of the lasting sort) his desertion of me produced on my mind. It will also reveal the motives that sustained me, the hopes that animated me, in the new and strange life which my next chapters must describe.

I was removed from the hotel in the care of my fatherly old friend, Benjamin. A bedroom was prepared for me in his little villa. There I passed the first night of my separation from my hus-

"THE WINDOW-BLIND WAS UP, AND THE AUTUMN MOONLIGHT SHONE BRILLIANTLY INTO THE LITTLE ROOM."

band. Toward the morning my weary brain got some rest—I slept.

At breakfast-time Major Fitz-David called to inquire about me. He had kindly volunteered to go and speak for me to my husband's lawyers on the preceding day. They had admitted that they knew where Eustace had gone, but they declared at the same time that they were positively forbidden to communicate his address to any one. In other respects their "instructions" in relation to the wife of their client were (as they were pleased to express it) "generous to a fault." I had only to write to them and they would furnish me with a copy by return of post.

This was the major's news. He refrained, with the tact that distinguished him, from putting any questions to me beyond questions relating to the state of my health. These answered, he took his leave of me for that day. He and Benjamin had a long talk together afterward in the garden of the villa.

I retired to my room and wrote to my uncle Starkweather, telling him exactly what had happened, and inclosing him a copy of my husband's letter. This done, I went out for a little while to breathe the fresh air and to think. I was soon weary, and went back again to my room to rest. My kind old Benjamin left me at perfect liberty to be alone as long as I pleased. Toward the afternoon I began to feel a little more like my old self again. I mean by this that I could think of Eustace without bursting out crying, and could speak to Benjamin without distressing and frightening the dear old man.

That night I had a little more sleep. The next morning I was strong enough to confront the first and foremost duty that I now owed to myself—the duty of answering my husband's letter.

I wrote to him in these words:

"I am still too weak and weary, Eustace, to write to you at any length. But my mind is clear. I have formed my own opinion of you and your letter; and I know what I mean to do now you have left me. Some women, in my situation, might think that you had forfeited all right to their confidence. I don't think that. So I write and tell you what is in my mind in the plainest and fewest words that I can use.

"You say you love me—and you leave me. I don't understand loving a woman and leaving her. For my part, in spite of the hard things you have said and written to me, and in spite of the cruel manner in which you have left me, I love you—and I won't give you up. No! As long as I live I mean to live your wife.

"Does this surprise you? It surprises *me*. If another woman wrote in this manner to a man who had behaved to her as you have behaved, I should be quite at a loss to account for her conduct. I am quite at a loss to account for my own conduct. I ought to hate you, and yet I can't help loving you. I am ashamed of myself; but so it is.

"You need feel no fear of my attempting to find out where you are, and of my trying to persuade you to return to me. I am not quite foolish enough to do that. You are not in a fit state of mind to return to me. You are all wrong, all over, from head to foot. When you get right again, I am vain enough to think that you will return to me of your own accord. And shall I be weak enough to forgive you? Yes! I shall certainly be weak enough to forgive you.

"But how are you to get right again?

"I have puzzled my brains over this question by night and by day, and my opinion is that you will never get right again unless I help you.

"How am I to help you?

"That question is easily answered. What the Law has failed to do for you, your Wife must do for you. Do you remember what I said when we were together in the back-room at Major Fitz-David's house? I told you that the first thought that came to me, when I heard what the Scotch jury had done, was the thought of setting their vile Verdict right. Well! Your letter has fixed this idea more firmly in my mind than ever. The only chance that I can see of winning you back to me, in the character of a penitent and loving husband, is to change that underhand Scotch Verdict of Not Proven into an honest English Verdict of Not Guilty.

"Are you surprised at the knowledge of the law which this way of writing betrays in an ignorant woman? I have been learning, my dear: the Law and the Lady have begun by understanding one another. In plain English, I have looked into Ogilvie's *Imperial Dictionary*, and Ogilvie tells me, 'A verdict of Not Proven only indicates that, in the opinion of the jury, there is a deficiency in the evidence to convict the prisoner. A verdict of Not Guilty imports the jury's opinion that the prisoner is innocent.' Eustace, that shall be the opinion of the world in general, and of the Scotch jury in particular, in your case. To that one object I dedicate my life to come, if God spares me!

"Who will help me, when I need help, is more than I yet know. There was a time when I had hoped that we should go hand in hand together in doing this good work. That hope is at an end. I no longer expect you, or ask you, to help me. A man who thinks as you think can give no help to any body—it is his miserable condition to have no hope. So be it! I will hope for two, and will work for two; and I shall find some one to help me—never fear—if I deserve it.

"I will say nothing about my plans—I have not read the Trial yet. It is quite enough for me that I know you are innocent. When a man is innocent, there *must* be a way of proving it: the one thing needful is to find the way. Sooner or later, with or without assistance, I shall find it. Yes! before I know any single particular of the Case, I tell you positively—I shall find it!

"You may laugh over this blind confidence on my part, or you may cry over it. I don't pretend to know whether I am an object for ridicule or an object for pity. Of one thing only I am certain: I mean to win you back, a man vindicated before the world, without a stain on his character or his name—thanks to his wife.

"Write to me sometimes, Eustace; and believe me, through all the bitterness of this bitter business, your faithful and loving

"VALERIA."

There was my reply! Poor enough as a composition (I could write a much better letter now), it had, if I may presume to say so, one merit. It was the honest expression of what I really meant and felt.

I read it to Benjamin. He held up his hands with his customary gesture when he was thoroughly bewildered and dismayed. "It seems the rashest letter that ever was written," said the dear old man. "I never heard, Valeria, of a woman doing what you propose to do. Lord help us! the new generation is beyond my fathoming. I wish your uncle Starkweather was here: I wonder what he would say? Oh, dear me, what a letter from a wife to a husband! Do you really mean to send it to him?"

I added immeasurably to my old friend's surprise by not even employing the post-office. I wished to see the "instructions" which my husband had left behind him. So I took the letter to his lawyers myself.

The firm consisted of two partners. They both received me together. One was a soft lean man, with a sour smile. The other was a hard fat man, with ill-tempered eyebrows. I took a great dislike to both of them. On their side, they appeared to feel a strong distrust of me. We began by disagreeing. They showed me my husband's "instructions," providing, among other things, for the payment of one clear half of his income as long as he lived to his wife. I positively refused to touch a farthing of his money.

The lawyers were unaffectedly shocked and astonished at this decision. Nothing of the sort had ever happened before in the whole course of their experience. They argued and remonstrated with me. The partner with the ill-tempered eyebrows wanted to know what my reasons were. The partner with the sour smile reminded his colleague satirically that I was a lady, and had therefore no reasons to give. I only answered, "Be so good as to forward my letter, gentlemen," and left them.

I have no wish to claim any credit to myself in these pages which I do not honestly deserve. The truth is that my pride forbade me to accept help from Eustace, now that he had left me. My own little fortune (eight hundred a year) had been settled on myself when I married. It had been more than I wanted as a single woman, and I was resolved that it should be enough for me now. Benjamin had insisted on my considering his cottage as my home. Under these circumstances, the expenses in which my determination to clear my husband's character might involve me were the only expenses for which I had to provide. I could afford to be independent, and independent I resolved that I would be.

While I am occupied in confessing my weakness and my errors, it is only right to add that, dearly as I still loved my unhappy misguided husband, there was one little fault of his which I found it not easy to forgive.

Pardoning other things, I could not quite pardon his concealing from me that he had been married to a first wife. Why I should have felt this so bitterly as I did, at certain times and seasons, I am not able to explain. Jealousy was at the bottom of it, I suppose. And yet I was not conscious of being jealous—especially when I thought of the poor creature's miserable death. Still, Eustace ought not to have kept *that* secret from me, I used to think to myself, at odd times when I was discouraged and out of temper. What would *he* have said if I had been a widow, and had never told him of it?

It was getting on toward evening when I returned to the cottage. Benjamin appeared to have been on the look-out for me. Before I could ring at the bell he opened the garden gate.

"Prepare yourself for a surprise, my dear," he said. "Your uncle, the Reverend Doctor Starkweather, has arrived from the North, and is waiting to see you. He received your letter this morning, and he took the first train to London as soon as he had read it."

In another minute my uncle's strong arms were round me. In my forlorn position, I felt the good vicar's kindness, in traveling all the way to London to see me, very gratefully. It brought the tears into my eyes—tears, without bitterness, that did me good.

"I have come, my dear child, to take you back to your old home," he said. "No words can tell how fervently I wish you had never left your aunt and me. Well! well! we won't talk about it. The mischief is done, and the next thing is to mend it as well as we can. If I could only get within arms-length of that husband of yours, Valeria— There! there! God forgive me, I am forgetting that I am a clergyman. What shall I forget next, I wonder? By-the-bye, your aunt sends you her dearest love. She is more superstitious than ever. This miserable business doesn't surprise her a bit. She says it all began with your making that mistake about your name in signing the church register. You remember? Was there ever such stuff? Ah, she's a foolish woman, that wife of mine! But she means well—a good soul at bottom. She would have traveled all the way here along with me if I would have let her. I said, 'No; you stop at home and look after the house and the parish, and I'll bring the child back.' You shall have your old bedroom, Valeria, with the white curtains, you know, looped up with blue! We will return to the Vicarage (if you can get up in time) by the nine-forty train to-morrow morning."

Return to the Vicarage! How could I do that? How could I hope to gain what was now the one object of my existence if I buried myself in a remote north-country village? It was simply impossible for me to accompany Doctor Starkweather on his return to his own house.

"I thank you, uncle, with all my heart," I said. "But I am afraid I can't leave London for the present."

"You can't leave London for the present?" he repeated. "What does the girl mean, Mr. Benjamin?"

Benjamin evaded a direct reply.

"She is kindly welcome here, Doctor Starkweather," he said, "as long as she chooses to stay with me."

"That's no answer," retorted my uncle, in his rough-and-ready way. He turned to me. "What is there to keep you in London?" he asked. "You used to hate London. I suppose there is some reason?"

It was only due to my good guardian and friend that I should take him into my confidence sooner or later. There was no help for it but to rouse my courage and tell him frankly what I had it in my mind to do. The vicar listened in breathless dismay. He turned to Benjamin, with distress as well as surprise in his face, when I had done.

"God help her!" cried the worthy man. "The poor thing's troubles have turned her brain!"

"I thought you would disapprove of it, Sir," said Benjamin, in his mild and moderate way. "I confess I disapprove of it myself."

"'Disapprove of it' isn't the word," retorted the vicar. "Don't put it in that feeble way, if you please. An act of madness—that's what it is, if she really means what she says." He turned my way, and looked as he used to look at the afternoon service when he was catechising an obstinate child. "You don't mean it," he said, "do you?"

"I am sorry to forfeit your good opinion, uncle," I replied. "But I must own that I do certainly mean it."

"In plain English," retorted the vicar, "you are conceited enough to think that you can succeed where the greatest lawyers in Scotland have failed. *They* couldn't prove this man's innocence, all working together. And *you* are going to prove it single-handed? Upon my word, you are a wonderful woman," cried my uncle, suddenly descending from indignation to irony. "May a plain country parson, who isn't used to lawyers in petticoats, be permitted to ask how you mean to do it?"

"I mean to begin by reading the Trial, uncle."

"Nice reading for a young woman! You will be wanting a batch of nasty French novels next. Well, and when you have read the Trial—what then? Have you thought of that?"

"Yes, uncle; I have thought of that. I shall first try to form some conclusion (after reading the Trial) as to the guilty person who really committed the crime. Then I shall make out a list of the witnesses who spoke in my husband's defense. I shall go to those witnesses, and tell them who I am and what I want. I shall ask all sorts of questions which grave lawyers might think it beneath their dignity to put. I shall be guided, in what I do next, by the answers I receive. And I shall not be discouraged, no matter what difficulties are thrown in my way. Those are my plans, uncle, so far as I know them now."

The vicar and Benjamin looked at each other as if they doubted the evidence of their own senses. The vicar spoke.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that you are going roaming about the country to throw yourself on the mercy of strangers and to risk whatever rough reception you may get in the course of your travels? You! A young woman! Deserted by your husband! With nobody to protect you! Mr. Benjamin, do you hear her? And can you believe your ears? I declare to Heaven *I* don't know whether I am awake or dreaming. Look at her—just look at her! There she sits as cool and easy as if she had said nothing at all extraordinary, and was going to do nothing out of the common way! What am I to do with her?—that's the serious question—what on earth am I to do with her?"

"Let me try my experiment, uncle, rash as it may look to you," I said. "Nothing else will comfort and support me; and God knows I want comfort and support. Don't think me obstinate. I am ready to admit that there are serious difficulties in my way."

The vicar resumed his ironical tone.

"Oh?" he said. "You admit that, do you? Well, there is something gained, at any rate."

"Many another woman before me," I went on, "has faced serious difficulties, and has conquered them—for the sake of the man she loved."

Doctor Starkweather rose slowly to his feet, with the air of a person whose capacity of toleration had reached its last limits.

"Am I to understand that you are still in love with Mr. Eustace Macallan?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"The hero of the great Poison Trial?" pursued my uncle. "The man who has deceived and deserted you? You love him?"

"I love him more dearly than ever."

"Mr. Benjamin," said the vicar, "if she recovers her senses between this and nine o'clock to-morrow morning, send her with her luggage to Loxley's Hotel, where I am now staying. Good-night, Valeria. I shall consult with your aunt as to what is to be done next. I have no more to say."

"Give me a kiss, uncle, at parting."

"Oh yes, I'll give you a kiss. Any thing you like, Valeria. I shall be sixty-five next birthday; and I thought I knew something of women, at my time of life. It seems I know nothing. Loxley's Hotel is the address, Mr. Benjamin. Good-night."

Benjamin looked very grave when he returned to me after accompanying Doctor Starkweather to the garden gate.

"Pray be advised, my dear," he said. "I don't ask you to consider *my* view of this matter as good for much. But your uncle's opinion is surely worth considering?"

I did not reply. It was useless to say any more. I made up my mind to be misunderstood and discouraged, and to bear it. "Good-night, my dear old friend," was all I said to Benjamin. Then I turned away—I confess with the tears in my eyes—and took refuge in my bedroom.

The window-blind was up, and the autumn moonlight shone brilliantly into the little room.

As I stood by the window, looking out, the memory came to me of another moonlight night, when Eustace and I were walking together in the vicarage garden before our marriage. It was the night of which I have written, many pages back, when there were obstacles to our union, and when Eustace had offered to release me from my engagement to him. I saw the dear face again looking at me in the moonlight; I heard once more his words and mine. "Forgive me," he had said, "for having loved you—passionately, devotedly loved you. Forgive me, and let me go."

And I had answered, "Oh, Eustace, I am only a woman—don't madden me! I can't live without you. I must and will be your wife!" And now, after marriage had united us, we were parted! Parted, still loving each other as passionately as ever. And why? Because he had been accused of a crime that he had never committed, and because a Scotch jury had failed to see that he was an innocent man.

I looked at the lovely moonlight, pursuing these remembrances and these thoughts. A new ardor burned in me. "No!" I said to myself. "Neither relations nor friends shall prevail on me to falter and fail in my husband's cause. The assertion of his innocence is the work of my life; I will begin it to-night."

I drew down the blind and lit the candles. In the quiet night, alone and unaided, I took my first step on the toilsome and terrible journey that lay before me. From the title-page to the end, without stopping to rest and without missing a word, I read the Trial of my husband for the murder of his wife.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

MR. TILDEN, Governor elect of New York State, whose portrait is given on page 952, was born at New Lebanon, a beautiful village of Columbia County, New York, in 1814. His father, a highly respected merchant, farmer, and wool-grower of that town, gave him an excellent education. After completing his studies at Yale College he commenced reading law, in which profession he has gained honorable distinction. Through the influence of his father, who was a thorough old-school Democrat, enjoying the friendship and confidence of MARTIN VAN BUREN, SILAS WRIGHT, and other prominent chiefs of the party, the son very early in life took an active interest in politics, and on several occasions displayed remarkable ability in controversy with Whig politicians. He has, however, devoted his energies chiefly to the practice of his profession, although identified since the winter of 1837 with the Democratic party in this city. In 1845 he accepted a nomination to the Assembly, and took an active and prominent part in the session of 1846. While in this service he was elected to the Constitutional Convention, of which body he was a leading and influential member. On the death of DEAN RICHMOND, in 1866, MR. TILDEN became Chairman of the Democratic State Committee. Of his course while occupying that prominent and responsible position, during the earlier part of the TWEED usurpation, and before the downfall of the Ring had become a matter of almost absolute certainty, *Harper's Weekly* has already spoken in terms justified by that course. It is but just to say that after the publication by the New York *Times* of the detailed proofs of TWEED's enormous crimes, MR. TILDEN entered heartily into the movement against the Ring, and did good service in promoting the overthrow of that infamous clique.

MR. TILDEN was nominated for Governor of the State by the Democratic Convention that met at Syracuse on the 16th of September, and was elected over General JOHN A. DIX, the Republican candidate, by a majority of over 40,000.

MR. WILLIAM H. WICKHAM.

THIS gentleman, the Mayor elect of New York city, whose portrait will be found on page 952, was born at Smithtown, Long Island, in 1832, but has lived in this city from early childhood. He has always been identified with the Democratic party, although he has never held a public position, nor, until this fall, has he been a candidate for any office. In 1863–64 he was a member of the Tammany Hall General Committee; but he was not considered available for the purposes of the Ring clique that then and subsequently controlled that organization. In 1871 he became a leader in the formation of the Apollo Hall organization, in the interest of reform, and a member of the Committee of Seventy. In 1872 in the Committee of Seventy he strongly opposed the nomination of HAVEMEYER, and in Apollo Hall that of O'BRIEN, and when both proved inevitable, he left them to become again a member of Tammany, serving on the General Committee and Committee on Organization.

In 1850 MR. WICKHAM joined the old Volunteer Fire Department, and was for two years its President. He was also an active member of the Mercantile Library Association, and served for five years as one of its officers. From early

life Mr. Wickham has been engaged in active business. He became connected with the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company during its early organization, and from 1859 to 1861 was its agent in New York. Of late he has been engaged in business in Maiden Lane with his father, a well-known merchant. Mr. Wickham received his early education at the old Mechanics' Society School, and subsequently graduated from a classical academy in Vermont. He is a well-informed, cultivated gentleman, and has spent much time in foreign travel. He is a member of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Wickham is said to possess great energy of character and excellent executive abilities, for the display of which he will find abundant opportunity in the responsible office of Mayor of this great metropolis. At the Tammany Hall gathering the evening after election, on being called upon the platform to receive the congratulations of his friends, he made the following brief announcement of the course he should endeavor to pursue:

"Fellow-Citizens,—I thank you for this kind reception. I thank you for the kind and cordial and hearty support you have given me at the polls to-day. I here, on this platform where three weeks ago I accepted the nomination, now renew before you the pledge I then made to your delegates in convention assembled, that with God's help I should endeavor honestly and earnestly and to the best of my ability to discharge the duties of Chief Magistrate of this great city. I shall enter on the performance of my duties untrammeled by any pledge save what I renew here to-night; and while I shall never forget my fealty to the Democratic party, I trust I never shall forget my duty to the entire body of the citizens of this great city. I shall endeavor to be the people's Mayor, and no man's man. And, with the aid of those associated with me, I trust I shall ever be enabled to study and promote the vast and varied interests of the people of this metropolis."

It is almost needless to say that if the Mayor elect is able to carry out this independent programme he will have the hearty good-will and support of all good citizens, irrespective of party ties.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An interesting paper was read by Dr. Schweinfurth before the British Association, on the oases of the Libyan Desert, especially those of El-Kargeh and Dakkel, the latter better known, perhaps, from the recent researches of Rohlfs. The first-mentioned is about 240 miles in length, and so formed as to resemble the bottom of a gigantic valley. As a whole, it is not uninterruptedly verdant, being of the usual monotonous yellow, but having about the springs black and green spots (or islands, as it were), forming the arable portions. The ten inhabited positions of the oasis are said to embrace 5700 inhabitants. In the village of Kargeh itself the houses are built over the streets, as on piles, and supported by rough beams, through which the people grope in a stooping posture. Their language is similar to that of the modern Egyptians, but the people are different, being apparently the remains of one of the numerous Libyan races of the Berber nations. Many remains of temples, castles, etc., testify to a former prosperity as compared with the present condition, and among these edifices are a number belonging to the period of the Roman occupation.

Water is obtained from wells of great antiquity, although it is probable that new ones might be had by Artesian boring, to the great advantage of the country. The springs are all thermal, registering much above the mean annual temperature of the year. The theory that the Nile originally flowed through this oasis is considered by Dr. Schweinfurth as unfounded, no fish being met with any where, and the botany of the country being totally opposed to such a conclusion. The principal production is the date-palm. The camel can not be kept here, owing to the damp summer miasma and the numerous irritating insects; but donkeys, cows, buffaloes, and sheep are easily reared. The explored portion of the oasis yielded 225 species of plants.

Professor Macalister gave an account, before the British Association, of a large basking-shark (*Selache maxima*) lately examined by him, and he referred to the recently established fact of its entire absence of ferocity, and to its feeding on small crustaceans, which are caught by taking them into the mouth and forcing the water through whalebone-like strainers, between the gill arches, composed of true dentine, and which prevent the food from escaping between the gill slits.

Captain Anderson, chief astronomer of the British division of the boundary survey between the United States and British America, communicated a paper to the British Association upon the work hitherto accomplished. It is unnecessary, however, to report his statements, since they are in the main identical with those we have already presented to our readers, as reported by the American division of the same survey, under Mr. Archibald Campbell, and on which Major Twining discharged the duties of astronomer and engineer, and Dr. Coues those of surgeon and naturalist.

A second expedition to the interior of Africa is announced as having been undertaken by the Berlin African Exploration Society. Herr Von Homeyer, a well-known ornithologist, is to be the leader, and will start from St. Paul de Loanda.

Mr. Ramsay Wright, assistant to the Professor of Natural History, succeeds Professor Alleyne Nicholson in the chair of natural history, University College, Toronto.

Mr. Räuis, assistant secretary of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Brussels, in Belgium, proposes to publish a catalogue of all scientific institutions of whatever character, whether academies, societies, observatories, universities, museums, etc. He desires to obtain information on the following points: 1. Title of the establishment. 2. Date of foundation, creation, etc. 3. Its aim. 4. Titles of the directorate. 5. Seat of the institution, with its exact address. 6. Meetings, prizes, etc. 7. Does the establishment possess a library, archives, museum, cabinet of medals or antiquities, observatories, laboratories? 8. Publications: number and nature (bulletin, reviews, annals, or memoirs); number of volumes published from the commencement; the easiest way of procuring these publications, whether by purchase or exchange. 9. All other useful information not comprised in the preceding questions. We trust that our American establishments will not fail to respond to this request as fully as they can, so that they may be properly represented in the new work.

We have already briefly mentioned the fact of the death on the 20th of June last of Professor A. J. Angström, Professor of Physics in the University of Upsala, and now proceed to give some further biographical facts which may not be without interest to our readers. Professor Angström was born in 1814 at Medelpad, in Sweden, and took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1839. He became a tutor and assistant in practical astronomy in 1843, and in the same year was appointed Professor of Mathematics. It was not until 1858 that he was transferred to the chair of physics, a position which he held during the remaining sixteen years of his life. Although prosecuting research in many branches of physical science, it is in connection with the history of spectral analysis that he is best known, and for his discoveries in this direction he received the Rumford gold medal in 1870 from the Royal Society of London.

Among other researches, we may mention inquiries into the temperature of the earth; magnetic observations during a journey in Germany and France; on the method of determining the capacity for heat in the human body, etc. As secretary of the Royal Society of Upsala for many years Professor Angström became familiarly known to a wide circle of correspondents.

Among the problems of geographical science still remaining unsolved is that regarding the sources of the Irrawaddy, the great river of Burmah; and it was announced at the recent meeting of the French Scientific Association that the emperor of the country had recently fitted out an expedition for the purpose of settling the question.

Dr. Alleyne Nicholson, who has been for some years in charge of the chair of natural history in the University of Toronto, and who left not long since to take a chair in England, has accepted a second appointment, to the chair of biology and physiology about to be established in the Durham University Colleges of Medicine and Physical Science at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Among the gaps that have remained unfilled in the series of reports of the Wilkes expedition has been that on the plants collected by the party, partly in consequence of the failure of Congress to make the necessary appropriations, and partly on account of the death of Dr. Torrey, who had charge of the phenogamous portion. This volume, however, has lately appeared, Dr. Gray having undertaken the work of Dr. Torrey after his death. That part relating to the cryptogamous plants (consisting of the mosses) had been already published in several portions—that on the mosses as prepared by Mr. W. S. Sullivant, that of the lichens by Professor Tuckerman, and that on the algæ by Professors Bailey and Harvey; the fungi by the late Dr. Curtis and Mr. Berkeley.

The volume is an imperial quarto of 420 pages of letter-press, and contains twenty-nine plates. Of this only twenty copies are on sale, to be had of Westermann & Co., New York, and at the Herbarium of Harvard University.

A manufactory of "Cornish Sardines" has been started at Megarissey, in Cornwall; the sardines being pilchards preserved in oil, and said to be fully equal to those imported from France and Italy.

In the death of Dr. Élie de Beaumont, a veteran in science has passed away. He was born in 1792, and in 1832 became one of the professors in the College of France. During most of his life he was occupied in the geological survey of France, commencing in 1825. In the course of this research he studied thoroughly the structure of the earth's crust, and especially distinguished himself by his views in reference to the formation of mountain chains.

According to the London *Times*, H. M. Stanley passed through Egypt early in September on his way to Zanzibar, whence he was to undertake a new journey into equatorial Africa.

The much discussed question as to the animal nature of *Eozoon* was again brought forward at the recent meeting of the British Association, Dr. Carpenter maintaining the affirmative as against Mr. Carter and Professor King.

Dr. Francis Edmund Anstie, a well-known physiologist and physician, is added to the list of those who have fallen martyrs in the cause of scientific research, his death, on the 12th of September, having taken place, after an illness of only four days, in consequence of a dissection wound inflicted while he was investigating the origin of a serious and somewhat mysterious disease which had prevailed in a school at Wandsworth.

Dr. Anstie took his doctor's degree at the University of London in 1858, and was first brought into notice by his work on stimulants and narcotics, published in 1864, in which he upheld the value of alcohol as a nutritive agent. With Dr. Burdon-Sanderson he was the first to direct attention to the sphygmograph of his friend Professor Marly, of Paris. As a physician to Westminster Hospital he took a prominent part in the establishment of the new physiological laboratory of that institution, from which so much is expected in the future. He was in his forty-first year at the time of his death.

According to a recent paper by Dr. Sclater, a hitherto undescribed species of cassowary is to be added to the seven or eight now known as occurring in New Guinea and the adjacent islands. This new species was taken at the southern extremity of New Guinea, and has recently reached London. It is closely allied to Bennett's cassowary and Westerman's cassowary, and belongs to the same section of the genus, having the transverse ridge across the helmet, and the want of caruncles in the neck. It is described as *Casuarius picticollis*. The indications furnished by the discovery of this additional species in New Guinea point to the fact that this little-known island is Australian rather than Malayan in its biological character.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Early in the morning of December 31, 1873, a fire was discovered in the Empire Coal Mine, near Pittston, Pennsylvania. Every effort was promptly made to extinguish it, but in vain. For two months a regular campaign was carried on, not only for the purpose of conquering the fire in its original stronghold, but to prevent its communicating with other workings through open passage-ways. At the close of February the burning works were securely inclosed, with the exception of about two hundred feet, and it was believed that the conflagration was thus limited and under control. But on March 1, while the workmen were absent, the flames swept through the open space, and covered a field far beyond their original dimensions. New measures seemed imperative, and the foreman of the mine urged the trial of steam in arresting the progress of the fire. The old workings were surrounded by walls, made air-tight, with the exception of a single air-passage, which was to be closed gradually, and steam from eighteen boilers was forced down through pipes which had been inserted. In May the fire disappeared, apparently extinguished. A month later the lower stratum was cold; but, to provide against any lurking danger, the steam will continue to be confined until next January. Hereafter steam will be the grand extinguisher of fire when it invades the coal mine.

Not long ago a startling story came across the waters to the effect that a huge rock had been discovered in the Atlantic Ocean, about 500 miles from the American coast, and directly in the southern pathway of European steamers. Such a rumor has been circulated in past years; but whenever search is made for it specially, the rock is not to be found. Among theories offered in explanation is that the supposed rock is nothing but a collection of drift-wood, or a school of whales sunning themselves.

The long fall drought resulted in spreading forest and prairie fires to a most alarming extent. In Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, and other sections the fierce element has devoured an immense amount of property. Nothing but a soaking rain is powerful enough to subdue such extensive conflagrations.

In France when a letter-carrier makes a collection from the boxes he is required to insert, from the inside of the box, two cards, which appear in slits on the outside of the box, indicating the number of the collection made, and the day of the week. This change can only be effected from the inside, so that every letter-carrier is liable to detection if he omits to make his regular collections. This is one of the public matters which they manage well in France.

During the past summer the "Flower Mission" of St. Louis has been instrumental in distributing 8013 bouquets, over 1000 pounds of grapes and berries, and a large quantity of pears and peaches. Hospitals, prisons, work-houses, and manufacturing establishments have been brightened by the visits of the "Mission."

In a quiet street of Springfield, Illinois, somewhat removed from the business portion of the town, stands the "Lincoln Residence," now owned and occupied by Colonel Harlow, present Secretary of State of Illinois. It is a plain two-story frame house, and the place presents a somewhat uncared-for appearance, in consequence of the endeavor of the owner to keep it as much as possible unchanged. "Lincoln's Room," a double one, with folding-doors, remained for a long time after his death just as he left it. Now it is a cozily furnished parlor. The carpet, wall-paper, and an oval gilt-framed mirror hanging between the front windows are pointed out to visitors as being "just as Mr. Lincoln left them." The correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal*, from whose communication the above items are gleaned, states that a large portion of the low picket fence which once surrounded the grounds has been carried away by relic-hunters, so that little of the original now remains. Occasionally whole pickets have been torn away at once. Where one is taken away a new one is put in its place, a supply being kept on hand for that purpose.

When a people contrive to make saucepans, fine pocket-handkerchiefs, and water-proof coats out of paper they may be considered to have mastered a useful art, and this is demonstrated by the above articles of Japanese manufacture, with the additional little circumstance that the saucepans are generally used over charcoal fires. Paper was first imported into Japan from the Corea about A.D. 280, and three hundred years later the King of the Corea sent two priests to Japan to establish the manufacture. This paper was easily torn, liable to be destroyed by worms, and did not take the ink well. These manifold disadvantages attracted the attention of Taishi, the son of the reigning Mikado, who substituted as material the bark of a species of paper mulberry, which is still extensively cultivated for the purpose.

The cremation of Lady Dilke at Dresden is said to have been in accordance with an urgent request of her ladyship previous to her death. The idea of burial was repugnant to her feelings, and her relatives felt compelled to comply with her last wishes in regard to the disposal of her body. The brother-in-law of the deceased lady was present; also certain men of science, in compliance with the conditions stipulated by the Dresden municipal authorities.

At the recent benefit of Mlle. Déjazet one Frenchman present inquired of another, "What age is she? She looks still so young!" "Citizen," responded the person addressed, "*elle aura bientôt vingt ans—pour la quatrième fois.*" "In a little while she will be twenty—for the fourth time." Such is the ideal French politeness.

Two very pleasant remedies for biliousness are recommended by physicians and writers on health—grapes and apples. Some persons seem to have the idea that if they do not feel well they must swallow some nauseous dose, and have no faith in any thing that tastes nice as a curative. But now a French physician gives his opinion that the decrease of dyspepsia and bilious diseases in Paris is due to the increased consumption of apples. He asserts also that apples are not only a preventive to disease, but tonic and nourishing. Grapes, eaten freely, will be found to remove many disagreeable symptoms which are usually the result of biliousness. And this season there is a bountiful supply of these very pleasant medicines.

"He sleeps like a top" is a proverb derived from the Italian. It is generally supposed that the simile is taken from the momentary pause of a peg top or humming top when its rotatory motion is at its height. But "topo" in the original Italian proverb signifies a mouse, and is the generic name, applied as well to the dormouse as to other species. Hence the proverb's meaning.

Ladies unaccompanied by gentlemen are not admitted to the concerts of the Champs Élysées in Paris. Quite recently a lady presented herself at the gate, and the ticket-taker intercepted her, saying, "Pardon, madame, ladies can not go in alone." The lady answered, with unfeigned candor, "But, Sir, what am I to do? My poor husband has just died—the day before yesterday."

An "incombustible paper and fire-proof ink" have been patented by an English inventor. The paper pulp is composed of vegetable fibre, asbestus, borax, and alum. Book-bindings can be manufactured from the same materials. It is not claimed that this is *absolutely* indestructible by fire, but "ordinarily incombustible" in common conflagrations. The ink may be used in writing or printing.

In Tangalle, Ceylon, a monster mushroom has been found, eighteen inches high, six feet in circumference, and weighing fifty-two pounds.

The singular vicissitudes of a prayer-book are related in an exchange. In 1862 a young gentleman from Peekskill, New York, then residing at the South, was conscripted in the Confederate army. He carried in his knapsack a prayer-book, given him by his mother. Before a certain engagement his corps were ordered to pile their knapsacks, etc., in a neighboring field. The Confederates were routed, and the knapsacks fell into the hands of the Unionists. Eleven years afterward a gentleman from Peekskill, with his wife, visited Macon, Georgia, and while there attended a wedding in church. While seated in a pew awaiting the arrival of the bridal party the lady opened a prayer-book to find the marriage service, and incidentally turning to the fly-leaf found written thereon, "Charles, from his mother, September 3, 1856," while in the corner were the initials, "C. E. S." On the next leaf was written, "Abner P. Whittle, Macon, Georgia, 1865—given to him by a Yankee soldier." The lady recognized the initials, and determined, if possible, to restore the book to its original owner. Accordingly, Mr. Whittle was waited upon, and at first declined returning the book, because it had been given to him by a Northern soldier to whom he had shown considerable kindness while sick. Finally he was induced to part with it, and the book found its way to the hands of its original owner in Peekskill.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An anecdote is told of Parson Shute, the first minister settled at South Hingham, which for ready wit ought not to pass unrecorded. It appears that the reverend gentleman was very fond of pudding; so at a ministerial meeting one day the hostess, in order to gratify the taste of her guest, had pudding for dinner. Unfortunately it came very near the fire while cooking, so that when served it was extremely hot. The parson, without allowing it time to cool, placed a piece at once in his mouth, and then followed the usual contortions incident to such an occasion, but all to no purpose. The pudding would not go, so the parson, who was a polite man, quietly slipped it out of his mouth into his coat pocket, all of which was observed by his brother ministers, who, for the sake of a joke, said, "So you are putting the pudding in your pocket, are you?" "Oh yes," said the parson, all unmoved, "I put a little piece in there merely to light my pipe with after dinner." The explanation was sufficient.

One of the old settlers of the Isles of Shoals seeing the name of *Psyche* on the hull of a yacht the other day, spelled it out slowly, and then exclaimed, "Well, if that ain't the durndest way to spell fish!"

How to pronounce a Polish name—Sneeze three times and say ski.

One point of difference between a timid child and a shipwrecked sailor is that one clings to its ma and the other to its spar.

It is impossible to have the last word with a chemist, because he always has a retort.

A matron dwelling on the banks of the Tee, England, under cross-examination as a witness at the Durham assizes, turned up her nose at the insinuation that her daughter was inclined to wed a widower. "Very likely, indeed," said she, with a toss of her head, "that my daughter should marry a second-hand man!"

"Why did he not die?" is the title of a novel. We have not heard the answer, but believe it to be, "Because he did not take his medicine."

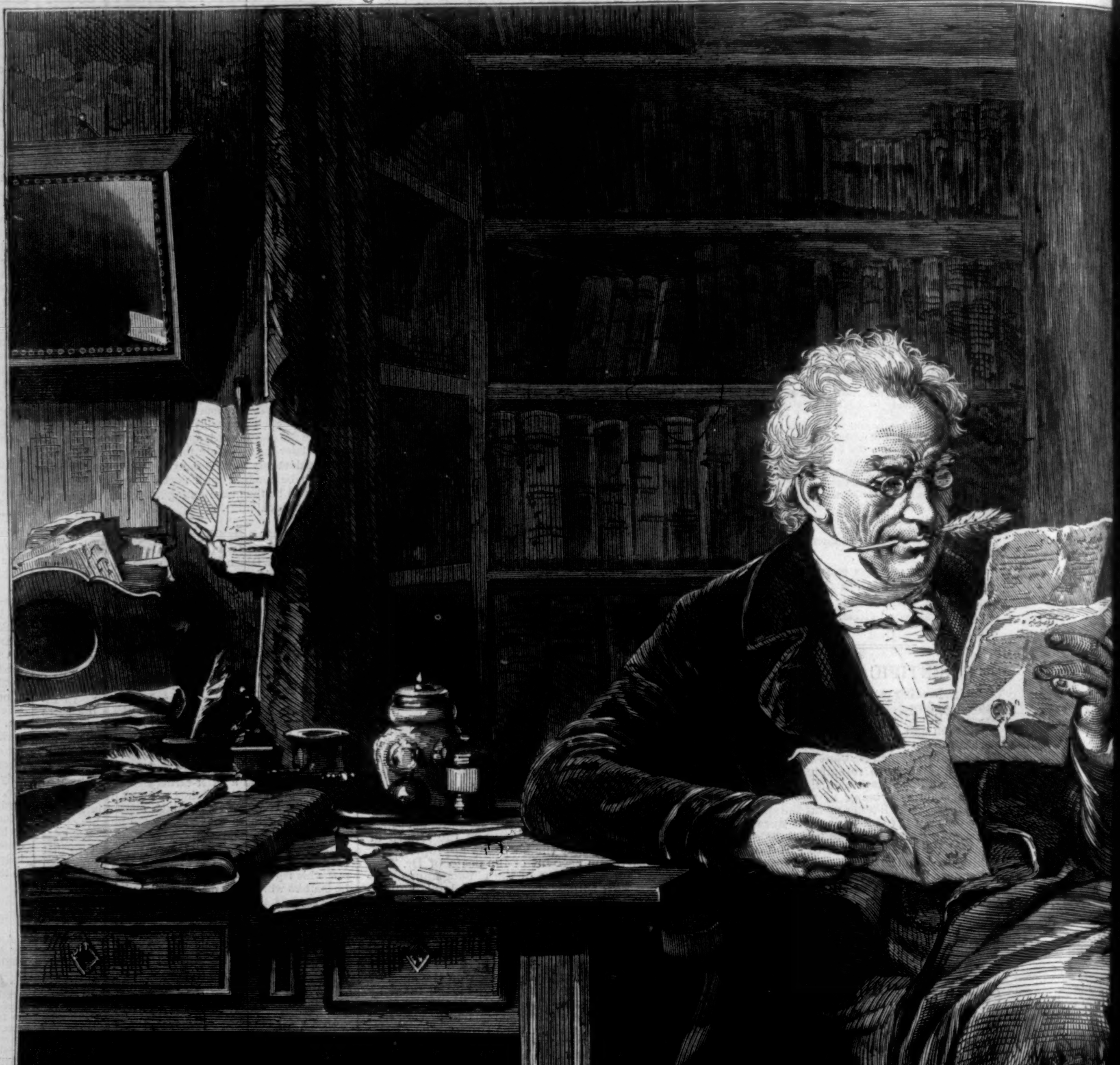
"Which, my dear lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?" "That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think." "And why so?" "Because I am told that there all bodies lose their gravity."

"Yes, Job suffered some," said an Illinois deacon, "but he never knew what it was to have his team run away and kill his wife right in the busy season, when hired girls want three dollars a week."

A facetious fellow having unwittingly offended a conceited puppy, the latter told him he was "no gentleman." "Are you a gentleman?" asked the droll one. "Yes, Sir," bounced the fop. "Then I am very glad I am not," replied the other.

A lady friend of ours went into her kitchen one day and said to her bright-eyed Irish cook, "Betsy, there is to be an eclipse of the moon to-night, which you can see if you look out after it rises." "Arrah, ma'am," cried Betsy, "and is it the moon that ye say is to be 'clipsed? Sure yez don't have the moon 'clipsed here, does ye? It's the *sun* in my counthry!"

I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and I asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, the insensible thing, and said she'd no notion of men. I told her I'd oceans of money and goods, tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods, to be scared at the screech of an owl. I called her a baggage and every thing bad, I slighted her features and form; till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like the sea in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angel and all; she fell in my arms like a wearisome child, and exclaimed, "We will marry this fall!"



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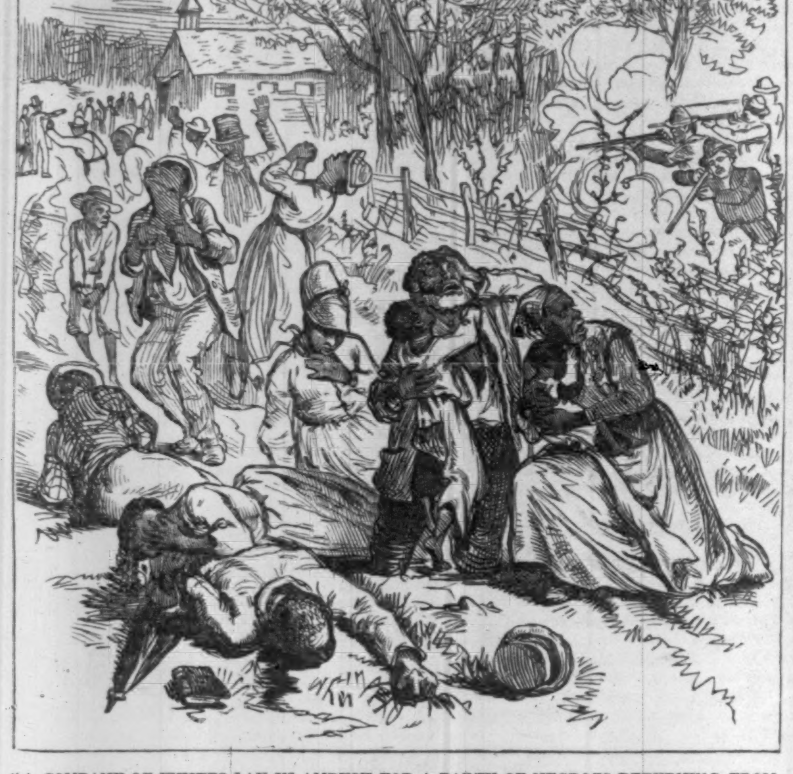


"A COMPANY OF WHITES LAY IN AMBUSH FOR A PARTY OF NEGROES RETURNING FROM CHURCH, KILLED TEN, AND WOUNDED THIRTEEN."

A DYING REBELLION.

It is pleasant to be assured by the Southern papers that there are "no disunionists, no traitors, no Ku-Klux, no White Leagues, in Alabama," for this is a condition of things that must give wide satisfaction to the people of the whole country, and would only serve to show that the rebukes of the press and the timely care of the national government have produced a beneficial effect upon the lawless portion of the people of that State. No one supposes that the majority of its citizens are inclined to disunionism, to robbery, or to bloodshed. But its history for the past four or five years has shown that, like Louisiana, Texas, or Georgia, the lingering effects of the rebellion are not wholly eradicated from its midst, and that its illegal clubs or associations still terrify and ill-treat honest voters, and even murder or maim them because they are sincere Republicans. A considerable Republican majority and the liberal politics of the people of Northern Alabama have saved it hitherto from the despotism that reigns in Georgia or the violent deeds of Louisiana; but that life is not safe in many of its counties, or that Republicans have been persecuted with terrible outrages in Sumter or Clarke, we have the distinct testimony of the sufferers themselves, and even the admission of their foes. Some of our informants as to the condition of Alabama, indeed, are obliged to conceal their names lest they draw upon themselves the malice of the secret assassins. It is thought a fatal provocation even to mention the fearful scenes they have witnessed and the terrors they have borne. Happily the presence of a few soldiers has made Sumter County for the moment that abode of peace which the Mobile *Register* now holds up before the country. It is, however, but little more than a month ago that the Mobile *Register* was rejoicing over the bloodshed in New Orleans and the success of the White Man's League in beginning a rebellion against the national as well as the State government; and that Mobile did not imitate its sister city in deeds of violence was not due to any want of disloyal promptings on the part of its Democratic press. The Mobile *Watchman*, a more trustworthy witness, exclaims, "What would the Northern people do if they knew of one-half of the assassinations that take place in Alabama every election year, and if they only knew a tithe of the murders committed during the past six weeks, or the reign of terror that exists in almost every county in the State outside the cities?" The *Watchman* states that even the German colony at Cullman has been visited by the Ku-Klux, and its useful immigrants made the victims of their outrages. It is informed that two of the colonists have already been murdered. Major Stokes, a Republican leader, was driven from Hale County a few weeks ago by a band of masked Democrats. The Hon. Charles Pelham escaped in Macon County, by a timely warning, from the hands of secret assassins. In Coffee County, on the last Fourth of July, a band of White Leaguers fired upon a Sunday-school meeting of colored men, women, and children, killed two, and wounded six. In Choctaw County, about the 1st of last August, a company of whites lay in ambush for a party of negroes returning from church, killed ten, and wounded thirteen. The Hon. Joseph H. Speed, superintendent of public instruction, was threatened at Marion because he had made a Republican speech. Four other white Republican speakers were shot at as they were returning from political meetings. The tongue of Ivey, the mail-carrier, was torn out by his assassins. The amiable Billings was shot near his own door. And it seems that Renfrew, who is believed to have been implicated in his murder, was the chief of the Ku-Klux in Sumter County in 1868, and is charged by Dr. Chouteau with murder, arson, and a catalogue of enormities that surpass the common bounds of human wickedness. Yet the arrest of this man by the United States officers appears to have awakened a tender sympathy in the breasts of the Alabama Democrats.

Such are only a few of the fearful deeds ascribed to the White Man's League in Alabama for the past two or three months. Nor would any one of them have reached the public ear had only the Democratic papers of the State been permitted to relate its history. The other Southern States for the past year or eighteen months have furnished a similar catalogue of horrors. Of Georgia nothing is told. Its press is silenced. It is only known that the Republican voters no longer venture to approach the polls. Toombs and Hill utter their treasonable harangues to applauding throngs; the Augusta "Tigers" make their raids into South Carolina unopposed; a frightful despotism is driving labor and capital from the impoverished State. In Texas it is stated by Governor Davis that six hundred "homicides" have occurred within the past year! From our private correspondence we are assured that the lives and the property of Republican voters in many of its counties are safe only in the protection afforded them by the national government. In Tennessee Governor Brown seems to have taken resolute measures to punish the authors of its most recent massacres. In Kentucky a Ku-Klux has been at last convicted and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Yet nothing but the rebukes of the press and the determined action of the President have apparently awakened a late resolution in both these States to punish the members of the secret associations, and stop that reign of crime which has proved so useful to the Democratic party, so fatal to the general welfare. Louisiana for the past eighteen months has won a painful pre-eminence in the annals of crime. Beginning with the Grant Parish massacre—an enormity unequaled in modern history—her White League avenged themselves upon the United States officials at Coushatta, and at last seized the moment when the larger part of the troops had left New Orleans to assail with overwhelming numbers its small band of police under General Badger. The story of this insurrection is not uninstructive. In a moment of apparently profound peace the White League was busy importing arms and practicing military exercises. The State government, conscious at last of its danger, seized upon a cargo of muskets. This very natural proceeding was treated by the White League as sufficient cause for rebellion. A meeting was called to demand the resignation of Governor Kellogg. His refusal to comply with the mad request was the signal of revolt. A moment's hesitation hung over the tumultuous throng on Canal Street. The White Leaguers were already in arms in various parts of the city. A Mr. Marr and a Dr. Beard urged the people to rise; and loud shouts were heard, "Now—now's the time! Give us a leader!" The conspirators seized upon the premeditated cry as if it were the voice of the people, and plunged the city in a ruinous rebellion. There were barricades of harmless rail cars—an absurd imitation of Parisian fashions—a rush of armed men along the streets, the flight and terror of helpless citizens. The small but courageous band of the police, led by Badger and Longstreet, met the White League, and were easily defeated by their numerous and skillful opponents. The ground was covered with the dead, the dying, and the wounded policemen. The brave General Badger lay with a shattered arm and side among them. A White Leaguer approached him with a fixed bayonet as if to kill him. "I am going fast enough," he said to the Democrat; "don't kill me." He was saved, and carried to the hospital. On Tuesday the war was ended, according to the rebel accounts. The custom-house alone remained in the hands of the Union troops; and as the news flashed over the wires of the rebellion at New Orleans, a shout of congratulation rang out from the whole Ku-Klux Association. And Toombs in Georgia, and the Mobile *Register* of Alabama, united in offering their aid and countenance to the insurgents. Meantime New Orleans cowered before its new masters. Merchants, bankers, mechanics, with blanched faces signed whatever statements and proclamations were demanded of them at the bayonet's point. And the New Orleans *Picayune* issued its savage command to its adherents "to shoot down like dogs" white men or black who should oppose its lawless reign of terror.

I am quite confident that no part of the civilized world can offer any parallel to the series of crimes that have been committed in the districts controlled by the White Man's League during the past twelve months. The Communists were merciful, the Irish insurgents forbearing, compared with the bands of ruffians who rule in Texas, and apparently even in Kentucky, and who spare neither young nor old, who shoot at Sunday-scholars, burn churches, whip schoolmasters, and murder innocent and accomplished young women; nor is any thing more extraordinary in this sad episode in our history than that these criminals find so many defenders, and that so many journals seek to palliate or hide their crimes. The national government has slowly and reluctantly entered upon an attempt to suppress murder and revolution in the disturbed districts. Yet it is to the national protection that the Southern Unionists must perhaps for many years look for safety from their bitter foes. The intense ignorance that prevails in most of the Southern States; the corrupt and dangerous character of much of the white population in Alabama, Louisiana, or Texas; the helpless condition of the laboring class, armed only with the dangerous privilege of a vote; the cities, like Shreveport, almost without a school-house, and counties, like Sumter, ruled by a Renfrew; the masked bands that harry the farmers and negroes in Kentucky; the savage League, intent upon massacre and treason in New Orleans—are obstacles to the progress of civilization and prosperity in the South that time and the force of general education can alone remove. In this labor the voice of a free press must have an important share. It can never condone crime or palliate insurrection. It will demand for the South universal education and liberty of thought and speech. It will rebuke inhumanity, extinguish cruelty, and win a lasting triumph over the dying rebellion.

The latest outrage of these masked murderers is one of the worst. A band of them at night in Kentucky disturbed a religious meeting, whipped three negroes, threatened a Mr. Ford, a white man, with a flogging should he employ any more colored men, and finally fired their pistols and shot-guns into a negro cabin, killing a young girl of sixteen who was sleeping on the floor. They then rode away with imprecations and oaths in the dim gray of morning. The Louisville *Courier*, more humane than the Mobile *Register*, calls for the punishment of the masked ruffians in language that may well put to shame those who palliate and those who conceal crime. Its example will no doubt be followed by every loyal and honorable Southern newspaper.

This latest instance of masked ruffians riding through civilized Kentucky is only one of hundreds of similar acts in that State which have hitherto gone unpunished and almost unnoticed, but which the prompt proclamation of its Democratic Governor shows will be tolerated no longer. The recent report of General M'Dowell proves that in Sumter County, Alabama, the White Leaguers who killed Ivey and Billings were equally dangerous to the public peace with those of Kentucky; that they rode around at night armed with guns threatening the negroes; and that it was believed that they intended to attack the United States soldiers. The commanding officer reports: "On Sunday night, about midnight, about thirty men, well armed, rode into the town, remained about fifteen minutes near the camp, and then rode off. I keep a good guard against any thing of the kind." Even the correspondent of the New York *Times*, who was at first inclined to doubt the existence of this dangerous class in Louisiana, writes as follows: "When I reflect that the rising generation of young Louisiana people have grown up without education, I am almost ready to condone their cruelty and wickedness; that they cheat the negroes, that they bully them, that they are foremost in all deeds of blood, that they were the ones who forced the bloody issue at Colfax and waylaid the fugitives from Coushatta, I for one do not doubt."

In drawing together these various proofs of the existence of a condition of society in several of the Southern States fatal to their prosperity and discreditable to freedom I have had no other aim than to direct attention to an evil that demands an immediate remedy. If all the Southern Governors were as decided in their action as those of Kentucky and Tennessee, the disturbers of the public peace might be readily punished and suppressed. But the only lasting cure for these disorders is the common school. When this messenger of peace, patriotism, and good morals shall have penetrated the disturbed districts of Louisiana, Texas, or Alabama, the new generations of young men will no longer indulge in the ignoble and barbarous persecution of the helpless colored people, and a White League may be formed to guard the innocent and raise the oppressed.

Eugene Lawrence.

AN EPISODE OF THE CHASE.

Why shouldn't I look back on that night long ago? There are some bits of memory that gladden the waste of years; one can't help dreaming of them now and then in a foolish, hap-hazard sort of way. No matter what that night led to (for it was then we met her), I can not hold it accountable for evil; it was just a compound of delights, forming one delicious whole. In the first place, Phil and I had done well with the address and theme, both were successes in their way, and the incense of praise is sweet to a young collegian's ear.

Then we were young, and I think I can say without egotism that both of us had excellent dispositions—frank, ardent, devoted.

That row in the stream by moonlight, and the dance afterward! There was a waltz of Strauss so divinely rendered that the memory of it electrifies the subtle machinery of these legs that now, alas! dance no more. I whistle it bar for bar; I shut my eyes, and hold again in a light embrace my fair young sylph in blue. Her golden hair escapes from its silken mesh, floats down upon her white shoulders; her little ungloved, gem-covered hand rests softly in mine, and around, around we whirl to the measure of that waltz!

Ah me! the adolescence of passion for poor Phil began also upon that night, and it is with that we have to do. I saw him, dimly of course, and with that reflected light that glances from one's own happiness sometimes to that of another near and dear to him—I saw him walking through the corridors, lingering in some alcove, or appearing and disappearing through the arches of the masonry upon the balcony, always with the one Juno-like figure, tall and pliant, yet free, rich, mature. Even with the fascination of whatever fair one shared the moment with me, I could not help noticing the seductive beauty of Phil's partner, and acknowledged to myself she surpassed in style and magnificence any of the beauties there. Not like my fragile blossom, the nymph in blue, or the pale, delicate, lily-like creature in white that seized my second fancy; these were in the first bloom of youth, and naturally lacked many of the charms that would come to them after a succession of seasons in society.

The graceful ease of her manner, the wonderful skill in imparting this ease to those brought into the magnetism of her presence, indicated that the lady who hung upon Phil's arm, and whom he introduced to me as Miss Diana Davenport, was an acknowledged queen in society.

It was plain to be seen that Phil was completely subjugated, inthralled. There was a subdued rapture in his voice, a latent passion in his eye, an abstracted tenderness in his manner, that told me at once it was a serious case with Phil.

Thus began this important era in the life of my friend, and before a fortnight it had reached a grand climacteric, a state of subdued frenzy, which rendered every thing subservient to it.

He walked with her, rode with her; the pleasant and capacious house owned by her widowed mother in the outskirts of the town became haunted by the presence of Phil. Hosts of people went there, enjoyed the genial hospitality graciously dispensed, but it began to be acknowledged that Phil was the favorite visitor. It was noticeable that Miss Davenport took the trouble to invent excuses to enjoy Phil's society, and this was a rare, in fact, an unknown, thing in the catholic proclivities of the heiress.

Phil began to wear that toned-down, domestic mien that augured ill for our bachelor aspirations. He cut off the ends of his mustache, and strove to impart a bushy character to the whiskers that adorned his chin. He took an interest in real estate, in stocks, and watched the market as behooved a man of family.

I lost all hope in any dual connection with Phil, and took position in a tertiary rank.

Smoking one night in my room, with my feet raised to a comfortable altitude on the window-sill, pondering upon many things, and at last of how I should look as first man at Phil's wedding, I was suddenly startled by the entrance of Phil himself.

He burst into the room, flung his hat in one corner, his cane in another, and sinking into a chair, covered his face with his hands and gave vent to a groan of half-suppressed agony.

"Why, Phil," I said, hastening over to him, "are you hurt? Has any accident occurred?"

I looked at him from head to foot, half expecting to see the blood flow from a recent wound.

"There are no limbs broken, Hal," he said, looking up with a face so distorted and pale I scarcely knew it for his own: "only the heart, Hal. I have got my death-blow. Diana belongs to another!"

"Married?" I gasped.

"Just the same. She's been engaged to a colonel in the army for two years. They are to be married this fall."

"Why, what a monstrous—" But Phil put his hand on my arm.

"Don't, Hal," he said, pleadingly. "I can't bear it; besides, I think she scarcely knew the danger we were in till it was too late. I believe she loves me, Hal, as I love her, as I shall always love her to the last moment of my life!"

"Can nothing be done?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied, with an accent of despair. "Only let us get away from here as soon as possible; let us hasten our old plans for travel. I beg of you, Hal, put as many miles between me and her as you can."

A fortnight afterward we were upon the ocean. I had, after all, reached my old desire to be out of sight and sensation of land, and watch with Phil the sun rise upon a boundless, trackless waste of water. But half the delight of it was gone. I was defrauded of the symmetry and fullness of a communion with Phil because of his imbecile idolatry for a woman I could not

admire. I could have forgiven a chit of a girl, like my nymph in blue or the little lily in white; I might have reconciled myself to the thought that it was a mistake of impulse and feeling; but I could not be brought to believe that a beautiful veteran, with campaigns of stratagems and spoils for her experience, could be unconsciously guilty of murdering the heart and soul of a being so devoted to her. I accused her in my heart as a cold-blooded, detestable coquette, who reveled in this prey as a gourmand delights in his pâté de foie gras, unmindful of the agony of which it is composed.

We went direct with a party of hunters and explorers to the heart of Africa; but lost amidst this wildness of nature, forcing our way step by step through dense forests of underwood, camping upon verdant prairies, or galloping madly over the desert, with its burned-brown grass and desolate monotony, ever and always there rested upon Phil's brow the melancholy mien of one absorbed by a bitter memory.

One night we sat outside the tents, Phil and I, and smoked long and contemplatively. It was oppressively hot, and as the hours wore away the southern constellations came out in such force that the vast extent of country was illumined as far as the horizon, and Phil, picking up an old newspaper dropped by one of our companions, declared he could read it word for word.

He held it to his eyes for a moment, then dropped it, and started to his feet, looking about him as if bewildered.

"What is it, Phil?" I cried, rushing for my rifle—"a lion? a serpent?"

He sank back upon the smooth bit of alkali that served him for a seat, picked up the newspaper again, and read, in a trembling voice, that Colonel John Talbot had been killed on the American plains by the Indians.

"That's rather rough for Talbot," I remarked; "but I can't exactly see how it affects us."

"Colonel John Talbot," repeated Phil, in an impressive whisper, "is the man to whom Diana was engaged!"

"A widow!" I murmured, with the accent of a Weller.

Phil looked at the date of the newspaper, and found it had been printed only a fortnight after we left the old collegiate town.

He dashed his hand to his forehead; a malediction escaped his lips.

"I might, after all, have been first man," I remarked.

Nothing now would do but to take up the thread of life for Phil where it was so rudely snapped asunder.

"All these months of travel, Hal," he said, with the peculiar selfishness of a lover, "have been merely existence for me, not life. Let me go back, my friend, to the air I can breathe, the air that is shared by Diana!"

This was all very well to remark, and would have been extremely apposite had we been upon any common or even distinguished line of travel. We might have put ourselves upon the lady's track in the twinkling of an eye, taken a night train, embarked in a steamer, or even joined a caravan upon the desert. But our companions had not started with any such clog as an unsatisfied passion. Whatever might be the peculiar experience of each and all of them, it was at present in abeyance to a trip in the heart of Africa for adventure.

To go to them and relate this pathetic story of Phil's, and the vital importance it was to him to breathe another air, would only be to subject ourselves to ridicule and defeat. The Frenchmen would shrug their shoulders with disdain, the Englishmen stolidly refuse to understand, and the Americans would state that upon the following week there would be a hunt for hippopotamuses from eight to ten feet long, and that although there were plenty of fish in the sea, and lovely women in their native land, all ready for the snare of the fowler, pachyderms of this description were wary in the extreme, and desperate when brought to bay: therefore the hunt and subsequent capture held the peculiar and irresistible charms of danger and rarity.

Phil was obliged to submit to destiny. Life was dearer to him than it had been of late, and he was not prepared to strike off into the wilderness alone. I noticed he was for the first time prudent in the hunt on the following day, and that he began to make a virtue of patience. For my part, I was sorry for Phil, but, nevertheless, the pachyderms had a wonderful fascination about them.

After the pachyderms came lions, which were not quite so interesting, for various reasons. In the first place, I had seen so many lions in menageries and shows of all kinds—and a lion isn't half so nice in some positions as in a cage. For instance, suppose you are fool enough to join a party of madmen who track these animals to a defile in the mountains, and attack them, as you might say, with their foot upon their native heath, and get just a little simple tap with one of their claws that breaks your collar-bone, lays open your cheek, pulls down the skin of your forehead over your eyes, and smashes your right arm in two places. It seems to me natural to prefer looking at them from behind a good stout railing, with the demoralization of captivity on their side.

At all events, poor Phil had to nurse me for many a long month after that lion hunt, and it was well into the following year when we at last found ourselves on an Atlantic steamer, bound for home.

Phil and I were old travelers by this time, and the wild freshness of enthusiasm that seized upon some of our fellow-voyagers as they neared their native shores was with us toned down to a calm but profound conviction that America was the only country in the world worth the rational affection of an experienced and cultivated mind.

I had been looking through the glass a while, and was about handing it over to a fellow-passenger who had eyed me with a devouring envy the while, when a big steamer, outward bound, glided close by our side, and I could see the faces of the party nearest me.

One last fleeting glance of mine contained a revelation. I glued my eye to the glass again. Right opposite me there shone two soft glowing orbs, wonderfully familiar. The face was one not easily forgotten, the form full, shapely, with a peculiar serpentine grace about it.

"Phil," I said, putting the glass in his hand, "look over there at that group of ladies."

He took it languidly, but having looked, a quick, eager gasp escaped him, he dropped the glass into the hands of our envious fellow-passenger, and seized my arm with a sudden frenzy.

"She is going out!" he said.

"While we, alas! are going in," I added.

"But this is monstrous," he cried, in dismay. "We can't go in; we must follow her."

Here again was the absurdity of a foolish passion. It would have been useless to relate to the captain that my friend, seeing a person he was interested in on the passing steamer, would like to join her. It was impossible to throw a plank across the ocean; besides, she was already out of sight; and Phil rushed below like a madman. All we could do was to engage passage for the other side again, and sail as soon as possible.

I confess it began to wear the aspect of a chase to me, and appealed to my taste for hunting. Then, I suppose, beauty such as hers, seen through a strong glass, had an effect of nearness upon me. At all events I began to take a keen interest in the passion of my friend. When we reached the other side all trace of the fair fugitive was lost. All we could do was to travel about the Continent in the hope of encountering her or hearing about her party. One fine autumn morning we lingered on the heights of a mountain resort in Saxony. We leaned over the railing that incloses the plateau on the top of the mountain, and looked admiringly down upon the stretch of country beneath. Upon the river Elbe, that looked to our American eyes like a little trout stream, we saw one of those little Dutch steamers that continually paddle up and down, and suddenly the view became intensely interesting. I looked through the glass again: yes, there she was, without doubt, more graceful and enchanting than ever, upon the deck of that lumbering little tug, fathoms below us! I called to Phil. He bent, he looked, and stretching over with a yearning, unsteady movement, he lost his balance and fell!

Fell down the sheer edge of the rock, grasping as he went at every tuft of lichen and grass, at every shrub that rapidly shot out of his reach. I watched him with agonized suspense, when suddenly his coat caught upon the jagged wall of the precipice, and held him suspended over the chasm beneath. He was partly supported by a frail ledge beneath him; and to this bit of rock I was determined to descend if in the endeavor I lost my life. There was no other way of saving Phil—none whatever; it must be done immediately; and he who has risked his life in mad encounters with savage beasts can surely afford to do so in behalf of the friend of his soul. Around me flocked a crowd of sturdy Germans, anxious to help me in every possible way. A stout rope was brought, fastened firmly about my waist; and I was lowered, a hand-breadth at a time, by my honest friends above. At last my foot trembled upon the thin piece of slate upon which Phil rested. Grasping the rope with one hand, I disengaged his unconscious form from its perilous resting-place, slipped slowly into the position he had taken, and binding the rope about my poor Phil, I had the joy to see him finally lifted into the arms of my comrades above.

Loud shouts arose from the plateau, and were echoed from the little steamer below, from the deck of which my perilous undertaking had been watched with intense interest. With difficulty I succeeded in keeping my hold upon this ledge of the precipice until the rope came back for me, and when I bound it about my waist I had already experienced that fatal giddiness that precedes unconsciousness. Reaching the top, I escaped from the embraces of my Teutonic friends, and made my way to the chamber in the hostelry where they had taken Phil. A doctor was already with him, and declared that, although there were no bones broken, his system had received a nervous shock, and that he would need careful nursing.

So I took my place by the side of Phil, and nursed him in Germany as he had ministered to me in Africa. He got well sooner than I did, but modesty compels me to say it was not because of better nursing. His collar-bone and right arm were not smashed, neither had he the skin torn direct from the scalp over his eyes—which leads me to the opinion that a collision with a rock is less formidable than one with a lion. Then there were better facilities for nursing in the pretty Saxony town than in the heart of Africa, and, besides, I wasn't the only nurse he had: a lady traveling in the vicinity kindly aided me. She was not altogether a stranger to Phil—nor to me, for that matter.

She was very gentle and beautiful, with that winning way about her that reaches the heart, magnetizes it, and inthralls it, without the exact knowledge of that organ.

There was something in the slight pressure of her hand upon Phil's forehead, the floating of her diaphanous drapery about his bedside, the melody of her voice, the soft gleaming of her luminous eyes through the dimmed light of the sick-room, that made her presence consoling, healing, divine.

Then when Phil had fallen into slumber she came to me, her fellow-watcher, and ministered to my comfort through the dark watches of the night. She listened with tender interest to my relation of our adventures in Africa, and was especially never tired of a terrible struggle of mine with a male lion in the defile of the mountains. She declared it was thrilling, grand, heroic; and, touching with her slender fingers the scars upon my face, pronounced them beautiful, while I, alas! caught and kissed those gentle fingers, and wished that Phil's convalescence were not so rapid, and that we might forever—we three—rest together upon the verdure-crowned heights, "like gods together, heedless of mankind."

On one of those occasions I was relating to her a desperate encounter of ours in the jungle with a panther, and had reached the most thrilling part of it: she covered her eyes with one hand, as if to shut out the terrible scene, and the other she stretched to me in sympathy with my relation to the combat. Absorbed with my story, I just touched the white fingers to my lips with a caressing movement, when suddenly Phil stood before us. He was pale to ghastliness, and my heart smote me, for I saw in his face a bitter hatred and reproach. He glared upon me with hollow, burning eyes. But Diana rose to her feet. Taking the light shawl from her shoulders, she threw it about the shivering form of Phil, and gently forced him to the seat beside her.

"You wicked boy!" she said, looking upon him in tender reproach, "how can you be so imprudent? We want no relapses, you know, for I must leave you to-morrow. The colonel will be here."

"The colonel!" stammered Phil; "what colonel?"

"Why, *my* colonel," said Diana—"Colonel John Talbot, my husband!"

Phil seemed to have lost all power of articulation, and my own voice sounded strange and hollow as I remarked that we were under the impression Colonel John Talbot had been killed years ago by the Indians on the American plains.

"Why, what a horrid conjecture!" said Mrs. Talbot, with a graceful shudder of affright. "There was such a report, and it nearly cost me my life, but happily it was an exaggeration. He was scalped and left for dead. But you know," she added, turning to me, "how much a manly, athletic physique can stand."

"Yes, yes," I murmured; and as she bade us good-night and glided away, Phil and I looked at each other with an emotion that was impossible just then to analyze.

We remained in sombre silence, watching the jagged snow-covered peaks of the distant hills. At last our hands sought each other; a shiver of recollection passed over the weak form of Phil; his head sank upon my shoulder.

"Let's go home, Hal," he whispered; "let's get back to America."

We left Saxony next day, traveling by easy stages to the sea. And it is somewhat remarkable that although both Phil's and my experience with women was limited and unsatisfactory, we never sought to extend our knowledge or ameliorate the paucity of it.

We never married, nor saw Diana from that day to this.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

Sunday,	15.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	22.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	29.—First Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	30.—St. Andrew.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	6.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	13.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	20.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	21.—St. Thomas.
Friday,	25.—Christmas.
Saturday,	26.—St. Stephen.
Sunday,	27.—First Sunday after Christmas · St. John the Evangelist.
Monday,	28.—Holy Innocents.

The Episcopal General Convention adjourned on Tuesday, November 3. The new canon on ritualism having been amended by the Bishops, was referred to a committee of conference, and finally passed both Houses in this shape: The acts specified and forbidden are (*a*) the elevation of the elements in the Holy Communion in such manner as to expose them to the view of the people as objects toward which adoration is to be made; (*b*) any acts of adoration of or toward the elements in the Holy Communion, such as bowing, prostrations or genuflections; and (*c*) all other acts not authorized or allowed by the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer. The other specifications originally adopted by the House of Deputies are omitted. The Convention refused by a very decided vote to alter the rubric of the baptismal office. A report recommending a change of the constitution to authorize the shortening of the morning and evening prayer, under certain conditions, was adopted by the Deputies and concurred in by the Bishops. A new Lectionary for Lent and Ember and Rogation days was adopted. The Rev. Dr. Orrick was confirmed as Missionary Bishop for Shanghai, China, and the Rev. Dr. William F. Adams, of New Orleans, as Missionary Bishop of New Mexico. Versions of the prayer-book in several languages were authorized. The attendance of the deputies on the last two days was very small.

The Rev. J. W. King, the owner of the horses Apology and Holy Friar, has written to the Bishop of Lincoln a letter in which he intimates that he intends to resign the livings held by him in his lordship's diocese. This intention he has since carried into effect.

The Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, whose visit to the United States last year will be remembered, has reached home, and writes: "Perhaps at no former period of my missionary life have I enjoyed such opportunities of preaching the Gospel to my countrymen of all classes as I do at present. Tuesday is our grand market-day, and men from all directions come in. We have been for years taking advantage of this gathering, and preaching the Gospel in one of the most crowded parts of the modern town [Kaderabad] of Jalna. But ever since my return from Europe I have been getting far more orderly and numerously attended congregations than I used to get before. How this is to be accounted for I know not. But I simply state the fact."

The Presbyterian Synod of Illinois has reversed the decision of the Chicago Presbytery in the case of Dr. Swing, and has directed the Presbytery to strike his name from its roll. It is understood that Professor Swing will not appeal to the General Assembly.

The contest between Protestants and priests in Guadalajara, Mexico, the city in which the missionary Stephens was murdered, is by no means ended. The opposition is still strong, but the missionaries are so far unmolested. Mr. Watkins preaches to a Sunday congregation of about one hundred persons.

The death is announced of the Rev. Dr. John Payne, formerly Missionary Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church on the west coast of Africa. Bishop Payne spent more than thirty years on that coast, principally at Cape Palmas. He was exceedingly successful in laying solid foundations for Christian institutions, and left his field only when compelled to do so from ill health. He was about sixty years of age at the time of his decease.

No charitable association is doing a better work for the neglected classes of the population of New York than the City Mission, of which Dr. John Hall is the president, and Lewis E. Jackson the secretary. It employs thirty city missionaries, who make 60,000 visits a year. Six mission chapels have been opened the past year in the most needy parts of the city down town. Churches have been organized on a union basis, the Apostles' Creed being the only symbol of faith, and a simple independent organization the only form of church government. Five mission Sabbath-schools have been kept up, reaching 1500 children, mostly of the more needy class. Street preaching is carried on during the summer, and in winter the hall of the Cooper Union is engaged for popular sermons by prominent preachers of various denominations. Meetings for street girls are held; reading-rooms and lodging-houses for friendless men are maintained; help is given to helpless women in every way that Christian ingenuity can devise.

This society will celebrate in December its forty-eighth anniversary.

The Evangelical Lutheran Synod of the West held its biennial session in Indianapolis October 8. About seventy-five ministers and lay delegates, representing some fifteen States of the Union, were present. Its confessional basis is either Luther's or the Heidelberg catechism, as the majority in each congregation may elect; it is, therefore, doctrinally, a reproduction of the Prussian State Church. The Synod supervises a teachers' seminary near Chicago and a theological seminary at St. Charles, Missouri. It now comprises five district Synods and three hundred ministers. This Synod maintains close relations with several of the important missionary societies of Germany, and is steadily growing in importance.

The Presbyterian Synod of the Lower Provinces of British America and the Synod in connection with the Church of Scotland have consummated their union. The proposals had been approved by large majorities in the Presbyteries. The two Synods, being in session simultaneously at New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, met together on Friday, October 20, and spent a very happy hour in appropriate services.

It will be remembered that the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of the United States, at its meeting a year ago in St. Louis, adopted resolutions strongly denunciatory of our public schools. A plea for the schools was made by a delegate, Mayor Kelley, of Richmond. The National Convention of the delegates of the Union was held in October of this year, in Baltimore, and re-elected Mr. Kelley president. The more extreme of the Catholic papers are greatly scandalized by this act. The *Universe*, of Cleveland, says: "It is high time that the teachings of the Syllabus should be heard from every altar in the land....Every individual society should disclaim the published opinions of Mr. Kelley. No new society that is soundly Catholic should join the Union during the current year without a profession of its adherence to the condemnations of the Syllabus." The *Catholic Review*, of this city, calls the election of Mr. Kelley "a cruel blow to our mother the Church."

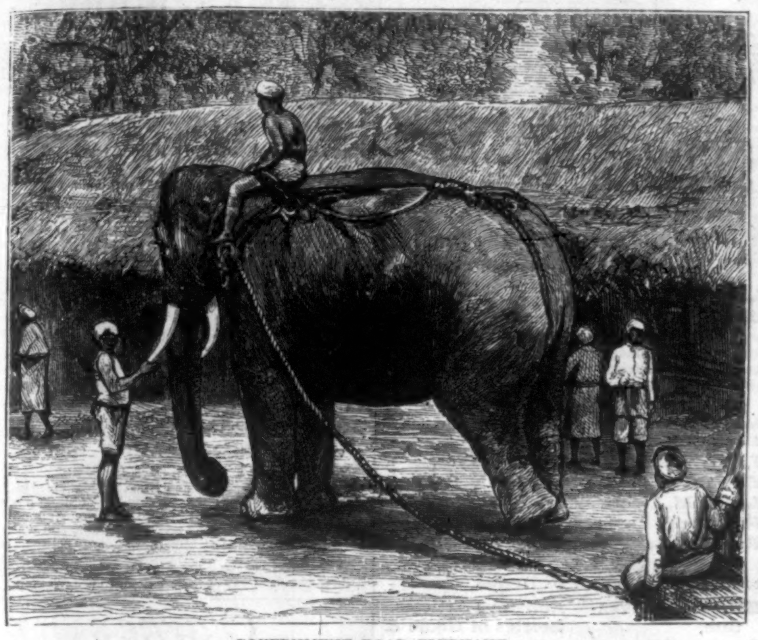
The expenditures of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church on domestic missions from 1853 to 1873 have been $3,663,591. All this money has been appropriated within the limits of the United States.

In view of the approaching consideration of changes in the rubric by Convocation, the Archbishop of Canterbury has sent the following questions to his clergy, with a request for answers:

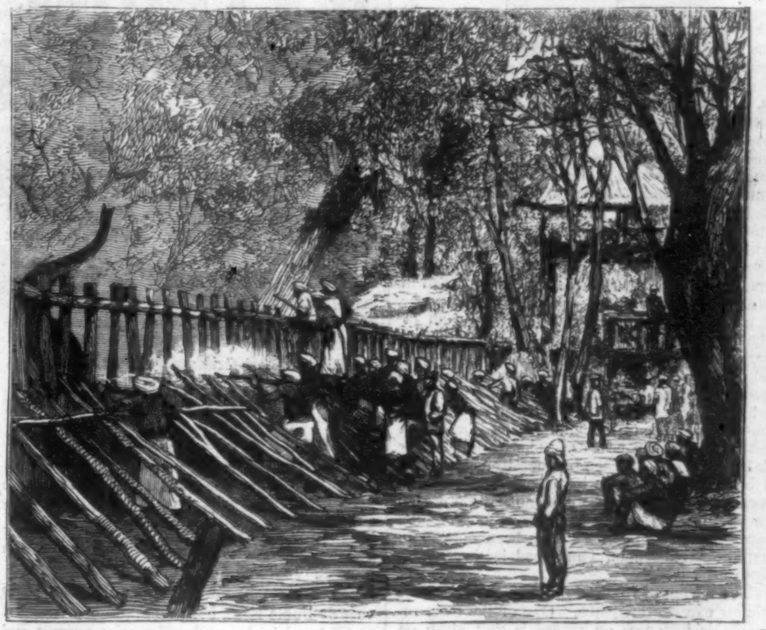
"1. Is it in your opinion expedient that the rubric prefixed to the Order of Morning and Evening Prayer, so far as it relates to the ornaments of the minister, should be dealt with by the Provincial Convocations of Canterbury and York, with the view of seeking the sanction of Parliament for an alteration in the Acts of Uniformity on this particular point? 2. Is it in your opinion expedient that the rubric relating to the position of the minister at the holy table at the time of the celebration of the Holy Communion should be dealt with by the Provincial Convocations of Canterbury and York, with the view of seeking the sanction of Parliament for an alteration of the Acts of Uniformity on this particular point? 3. If you think it desirable that any concessions should be made to those who wish to introduce the use of the chasuble or other unusual vestment at the celebration of the Holy Communion, how do you propose that the demand should be met for corresponding concessions on the other side in matters at present equally illegal? In the late debates in Parliament it was proposed that the concession of what is called the eastward position should be balanced by allowing liberty to omit the Athanasian Creed and the Communion Service. 4. What do you suppose to be the general opinion of the laity in your rural deanery on these subjects?"

CAUGHT IN A TRAP—THE RESULT OF THE THIRD-TERM HOAX.

ELEPHANTS AND ELEPHANT HUNTING IN CEYLON.



GOVERNMENT ROAD ELEPHANT.

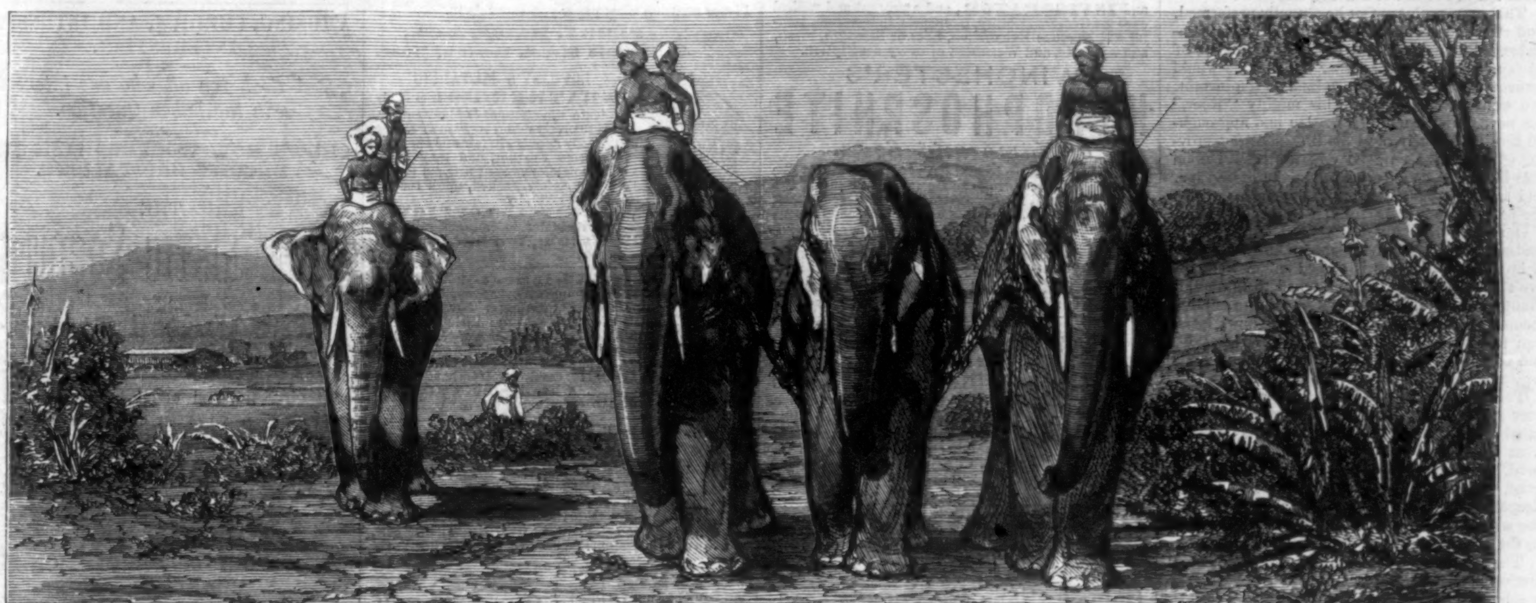


SHOOTING SPARE ELEPHANTS IN A CORRAL.

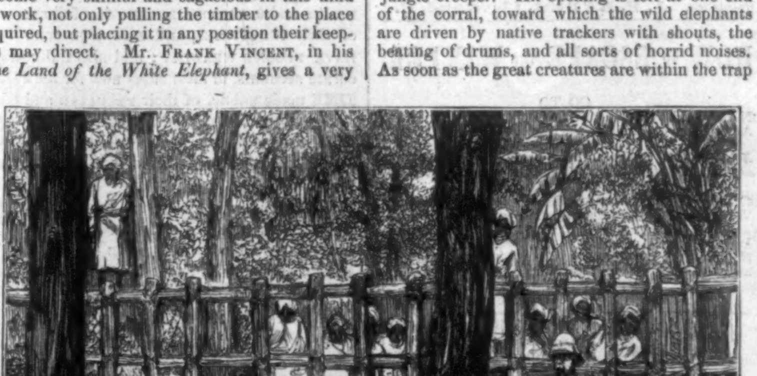
Our illustrations on this page represent some interesting features connected with the employment and hunting of elephants in the island of Ceylon, where these gigantic creatures are very numerous. We read of one European officer who in two years shot 400 of them. Our first cut represents a government road elephant, harnessed with collar and drag-ropes, pulling a heavy piece of timber for a bridge. Trained elephants become very skillful and sagacious in this kind of work, not only pulling the timber to the place required, but placing it in any position their keepers may direct. Mr. Frank Vincent, in his *The Land of the White Elephant*, gives a very interesting account of the sagacity displayed by these animals in piling timber, the work being performed with a skill and regularity truly marvelous.

Our second cut represents shooting "spare elephants" in a corral. The corral, or elephant trap, is an inclosure of great extent, fenced in by immense stakes driven into the ground, and fastened together with strong ropes made from the jungle creeper. An opening is left at one end of the corral, toward which the wild elephants are driven by native trackers with shouts, the beating of drums, and all sorts of horrid noises. As soon as the great creatures are within the trap the entrance is closed up, and when they have grown a little quiet the work of securing them begins. Sometimes the elephants refuse to be quieted, and, under the lead of some courageous bull, will charge the inclosing fence until a breach is made, through which they escape to their native wilds. The elephants are secured in a very simple way. Natives enter the corral on the backs of trained elephants, whose presence seems to have a quieting effect on the captives, and, watching their opportunity, slide down and dextrously, by means of a strong rope, fasten the hind-leg of a wild elephant to a tree, a number of which are always left in the inclosure for this purpose. When a sufficient number of elephants have been secured the remainder are allowed to go. It was formerly the custom to shoot the spare elephants, as represented in the cut, but this useless slaughter is no longer permitted.

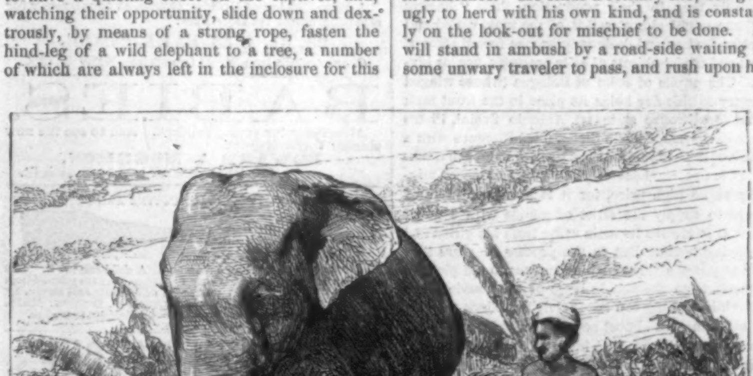
The wild elephants of Ceylon are said to have more savage dispositions than those of the mainland, and a "rogue" elephant of that island is probably the most vicious and disreputable beast in existence. He leads a solitary life, being too ugly to herd with his own kind, and is constantly on the look-out for mischief to be done. He will stand in ambush by a road-side waiting for some unwary traveler to pass, and rush upon him



LEADING AWAY A CAPTIVE ELEPHANT.



PINING FOR HER OFFSPRING.



A TEMPLE ELEPHANT AND KEEPER.

with a swiftness that renders escape very difficult. Many thrilling adventures are told in connection with these savage animals, but it would take too much space to repeat them here. It can be readily believed that the life of the professional elephant-hunter in any country is one of great peril. A famous hunter of South Africa, who was anxious to quit the wild life he had been leading, gave this brief but vivid description of the dangers to which he had been exposed: "In twenty months I and my Hottentots have killed eight hundred elephants, four hundred of them have fallen to this good gun; and when I am free I quit it. Scores of times have the elephants charged around me, even within a yard of the bush under which I had crept, and I feel that it was a chance I was not crushed. Once I had fired at a large troop in a deep ravine, one side of which was formed by a steep cliff, which echoed back the sound of the firing, and a hundred elephants, with upraised ears and loud screams and tossing trunks, rushed down the narrow pass, and charged the echo, being the opposite side to that where we stood when we fired, and the one to which we had now moved, myself and Hottentots lying in the bush while they rushed past us. The boldest hunter is killed at last. When pursued by a rhinoceros I have sprung down a high bank, not knowing its depth, or whether I might not fall on a rock or stump. No, Sir, it is a life of no common hardship and danger. I have been obliged to eat the 'veldtschoon' [untanned leather shoes] from my feet."

The daring of some of these elephant-hunters almost exceeds credence. One of the most remarkable instances on record is that given on the authority of a relative of the hero of the story, a man named MARIÉ, a famous Nimrod, who in his day had slain upward of forty of those animals. At a convivial meeting of friends and neighbors to celebrate New-Year's Day, when the company were heated with liquor, and each one had boastingly related deeds of hardihood he himself had performed, MARIÉ laid a wager that he would go into the forest and pluck three hairs from out of the tail of a living elephant!

This extraordinary feat he actually performed, and returned safely with the trophy to his comrades. But not satisfied with this specimen of his audacity, he laid another bet that he would return and shoot the same animal on the instant. He went accordingly with his mighty "Roer," but never came back again. He had approached too incautiously, and his first shot not proving effective, the enraged creature rushed upon him before he could reload or make his escape, and having thrust its tremendous tusk through the poor fellow's body, trampled him to a cake.

Our third illustration shows the method of leading away a captive elephant after taming. A broad belt of ropes is passed under the captive's body, and the ends attached to tame elephants, one on either side. Should the captive become obstreperous, the tame elephants, at a sign from their keepers, quietly step one side, and so lift the unruly animal off its feet. This treatment speedily brings it to reason.

The affection of elephants for their young is very strong. Our fourth cut represents a captured female elephant whose calf has escaped from the corral with the spare members of the herd. The poor mother has pined away with grief, refusing to take the food offered by the keepers. This cut affords also a good idea of the way in which elephants are secured to trees in the corral.

The temple elephant shown in our fifth illustration belongs to the Pelmadulla Temple. The elephants devoted to this service are held sacred, and are never employed as beasts of burden. They are distinguished by a slight peculiarity in the shape of the head.

THE wonderful fecundity of the Italian sculptors in the 16th century showed itself in nothing more remarkably than in their production, their "flinging off," one might almost call it, of the most varied and graceful devices and designs in bronze for all sorts of slight and trivial objects of daily necessity, use, or luxury. The pupils of John of Bologna (whose winged Mercury to this day holds its place in the front rank of modern bronze statuary), Antonio Susini, Pietro Tacca di Carrara, Fidelio Stella, filled Florence with a wealth of little miracles in the form of flambeaux, inkstands, lamps, candelabra. These were produced originally at no high price, for it is the prerogative of bronze to supply the artist of genius with a metal which is to receive its main value from his gifted and life-giving touch. But in the process of years they have acquired a value such as accrues to old pictures of merit, from the simple lapse of time, saving only that while nothing can adequately reproduce the one, the other may be almost accurately duplicated by the processes which have been invented during the present century for reducing mathematically all works of art in marble, stone, and the metals. Specimens of the results of these processes as practiced in different parts of Europe may be seen at the warerooms of STARR & MARCUS, No. 22 John Street (up stairs), where they are found in combination with the most various articles of use and ornament for the household.—[Com.]

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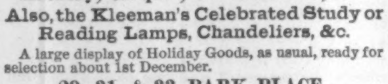

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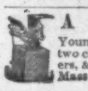

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ON THE SHORE.

I stand alone on the smooth white sands,
Watching a ship sail out to sea;
But the twilight shadows so gray and chill
Are hiding my ship too soon from me.
Ah me! I wonder if ever there sailed
So precious a freight from shore away
As yonder bark with its cruel wings
Has stolen from my poor heart to-day!

Now high and higher the wave-caps foam,
And call each other with sullen roar,
While heavier still the shadows fall
And cover me on the lonely shore.
O wind and waves 'tis a woman's heart
And a woman's hopes on your mercy fast,
For he who is sailing so far away
Holds heart and hopes in his keeping fast.

Alas! how many a good ship sails
From the harbor of love and trust and truth,
And the eyes that watch grow dim with age,
And trust has died with the death of youth!
For clouds may fall on the waiting heart
Like twilight shadows so chill and gray,
And life may seem like a lonely shore
From whence all gladness has sailed away.

But courage, courage, my anxious heart!
To-morrow's sun, if it shine for me,
Will fall alike on my sailor's ship,
Wherever its gleaming sails may be;
And hope shall shine in my longing soul,
Piercing the darkness through and through,
Till the shadows lift from the ocean's breast,
And the waves have borrowed the sailor's blue.

ELSPETH.

I.

"Hark, mother!" exclaims a brown-haired, blue-eyed, roundly made girl, apparently about fifteen years of age, one afternoon early in May, as she stands at the open parlor window of one of the oldest houses in Maiden Bibury, her head set slightly on one side, her attitude and expression that of acute expectancy. "Don't you hear wheels?"

"No," replies the person appealed to, a slight, small, pale-faced woman, who is lying on a sofa by the fire, "I don't; but then my ears are not very sharp. Ah!" as the sound of some vehicle being drawn up at the garden gate arrests her attention; "I think I do hear something now."

"Yes," says the girl, hurrying to the door; "here they are. But oh," stopping short and clasping her plump white hands, "I do hope she won't be like Miss Piper!"

"Don't be so silly, Jessy," is the grave rejoinder. "Why should she? They are not related."

A merry laugh follows this announcement. Mother's cut-and-dried way of looking at things affords no small amusement to the younger members of the Thurston family, and even occasionally furnishes food for mirth to persons less happily situated.

Meanwhile the noise of feet on the flagged garden path and the opening of the hall door render it evident that doubt concerning the new-comer's appearance—who, I may as well here observe, is the young lady who has recently, in consideration of quarterly payments not exceeding seven pounds ten shillings, consented to become this brown-haired girl's governess—must soon yield to certainty.

Jessy retreats a step or two. Despite her contempt for ceremony, the idea of confronting a total stranger fills her with trepidation.

"This way, please," exclaims some one young and masculine crossing the hall; and in they come, the stranger and the "some one," Elspeth Cameron and Fred Thurston, one after the other, as well-looking a pair of human creatures as you need wish to see.

Mrs. Thurston's dim blue eyes fasten on Elspeth's sweet pale face. Long years of pain and consequent dependence on the care and kindliness of others have made her something of a physiognomist. Much will rest on this mourning-clad, hazel-eyed, broad-browed woman's shoulders; not merely Jessy's proficiency in French and music, but the well-being of the household generally, and the comfort of its master—no unimportant item, for Mr. Thurston, though but a builder and undertaker, has his ways, like most men. Mrs. Thurston eyes her fixedly.

"How do you do?" observes she at length, extending a thin little hand, and smiling so that Fred, who is watching her, knows the survey has proved satisfactory. "You must excuse my looking at you so hard, but I am almost blind, and I do not take in strange features easily."

Miss Cameron smiles too.

"It is only natural," says she, having shaken hands, "that you should feel curious about my appearance, having engaged me by letter. Is this young lady to be my pupil?" turning to Jessy.

"Yes," remarks Fred, sticking his hands in his pockets. He is a well-grown young man, is Fred, with fine broad shoulders and a fair open face and bright curling hair; a very nice-looking young man in the opinion of more than one Bibury maiden, I do assure you. "Yes, and a rare nuisance you'll find her; but there's always a cane to be found somewhere, that's one mercy!"

A vigorous pinch in the arm rewards this sally.

"Oh!" roars he, rubbing the afflicted member, and would forthwith take retributive measures but for the prompt escape of the culprit, who shelters herself behind Mrs. Thurston's sofa.

"My dears, my dears," exclaims that lady in a tone of remonstrance, "pray be quiet! Whatever will Miss Cameron think of you? She will be quite shocked."

"Not I," laughs Elspeth, pleasantly. "The ways of boys and girls are nothing fresh to me; for though I was the only one at home myself, I have lots of cousins—young cousins, I mean," coloring a little.

"But you are an orphan, I think?"

"Yes; my mother died three years ago, Since then I have been living with my uncle. keeping house for him; but now his eldest daughter is old enough to look after things herself, so I thought I should like some more definite employment," smiling at Jessy, who smiles back again, as she would most certainly not have smiled at Miss Piper.

"I am glad," says Mrs. Thurston, "that you have been accustomed to manage a house, for I am such a martyr to rheumatics that it is as much as I can do to crawl down here of a morning and back to bed again at night. Indeed, Fred has taken to carrying me of late, but that is his nonsense."

"I shall be delighted to be of any use I can," replies Elspeth, simply, and then looks away out into the garden, gay with bright tulips and anemones and wall-flowers, and here and there a clump of violet primroses, and daisies red and white. She is not given to talk.

So they remain, it may be some two minutes or so; then Fred, who in his father's absence generally guides circumstances, observes,

"Come, Jessy, Miss Cameron would like to take off her things."

JESSY'S RESCUE.

"To be sure!" exclaims Mrs. Thurston, suddenly awakened to a sense of her incapacity. "What can I be thinking of? Why, you must be as tired! Do have a glass of wine, my dear, before you go up stairs."

"No, thank you," replies Elspeth. "I seldom drink wine; besides, I am not so very tired. You see, owing to your kind forethought, I had no trouble to undergo at my journey's end. It is the battling with porters and cab-men that wearies one so, I think."

"And yet you would scarcely stay where I put you," remarks Fred, aggrievedly; "you were so certain no one had any sense but yourself, even after I had shown the most wonderful discrimination in picking you out from some dozen women, aided solely by my native power of comparison."

"Yes," she smiles, "that was really very clever of you; but trunks have more in common than persons, and therefore afforded less scope for the exercise of that admirable faculty."

"Oh dear," exclaims Jessy, who has already laid violent hands upon the door, "what a long speech, and how sarcastic! I hope you aren't of a severe nature, Miss Cameron?"

"Very!" replies Miss Cameron, with a dry gravity not ineffective; and then picking up her bag and shawl, suffers herself to be conducted to the pretty rose-and-creeper-embowered chamber which it has been ordained she shall for the present call her own.

"Well," says Fred, when they have gained the landing, and there is no chance of being overheard, "and what do you think of her, mother? think she'll do?"

"Yes, my dear," is the placid answer; "as far as I can see, that is. She has a very nice face, not pretty and not handsome, but nice, and a sweet manner. I don't fear but what your father will be pleased with her."

"Nor I," rejoins Fred, with emphasis.

But then last Sunday was his twenty-third birthday.

II.

A week, and Elspeth is a friend; a month, and Elspeth is at home—a distinction of some value, be it observed. There are persons in this world whose goodness is so truly good that all goodness, great and small, becomes apparent at their approach, as does the magnetic quality of steel when exposed to the influence of the magnetic iron. It is a beautiful world these people live in, full of virtue and all hopefulness; perhaps an unreal world, a world specially adapted to the wants and imaginations of women, but a beautiful world nevertheless—a world it were well for all other worlds to emulate. Elspeth Cameron is constituted on this wise; quiet as she is, and self-contained, little as she seeks to be thought better or above her fellows, there is in her this productive power, this uncommon strength. Those she has lived with hitherto have realized this truth; those with whom she lives now are in a fair way so to realize. The house is blessed wherein abideth such a one.

Dull as is Maiden Bibury, considered from a sensational and exterior point of view—Biburyites being proverbially averse to display and unnecessary expenditure, whether on drainage or dinner wines—seen with sympathetic eyes, taken to the heart and lived down to it as it were, it possesses its points of interest. Specially is this the case when personal connection with local greatness throws light on local topics. Small people compared to the Frys of Soberton or the Manchetts of Ashfield—Mr. Fry is an architect whose designs have before now found their way to Trafalgar Square, and Mr. Manchett is a mill-owner of a certain standing—the Thurstons have ever held their heads high in Bibury, and seen as much society as they had a mind to, being much for business and of a settled way of life. Before many days have passed Elspeth finds herself not only well acquainted with the names, professions, and histories of the ladies and gentlemen whom she meets when out walking with Jessy, and says her prayers among of a Sunday—Dissent finding few upholders in this steady-going borough—but an object of curiosity and attention, attention extending in some isolated cases to the issue of invitations and purchase of new music, than which no more striking token of friendly interest can well be conceived. But grateful as she is for all kindness or show of kindness, and ready to add her small contribution to the fund of general amusement, she takes most delight in the performance of those duties which lie nearest and the disentangling of those life threads readiest to her hand. The Thurstons themselves afford plenteous material for reflection. Mr. Thurston is, as his father was before him, a thorough business man, up early and to bed late, ever on the alert to detect error, never tired of urging the adoption of improvements or the commencement of fresh undertakings. "Keep the ball rolling" is his central dictum, supported on the right by "Procrastination is the thief of time," and on the left by "Brag was a brave dog, but Holdfast was a better." A restless, roundabout, red-faced, prominent-eyed, positive little man is Mr. Thurston as ever wrote "builder" after his name, or undertook to conduct funerals "on a scale combining economy with respect to the deceased;" but not uncommon save in the matters of ocular formation and girth—which, after all, when looked at closely, can scarcely be held fair equivalents for originality or an aptitude for crime. Mrs. Thurston you know already, after a fashion, not as Elspeth knows her; for Elspeth has a knack of knowing people whom she likes—and she likes Mrs. Thurston rarely—even better than they know themselves.

"My dear," says the little weakly, dim-eyed lady one morning, about a fortnight after that May afternoon on which Fred drew so largely on his native power of comparison, "I feel as if you were my daughter rather than Jessy's governess. How is that? I can not make it out."

"Perhaps it is because I am so fond of Jessy," replies Elspeth, in her calm, moderate way; and Mrs. Thurston sighs—she so soon gets tired that it is not worth her while to invent puzzles.

But though Elspeth may be mistaken in her conclusion, her major premiss admits no possibility of doubt. To become fond of, to love, all young creatures with whom she gets acquainted, those young creatures not being absolutely odious, is to her as natural as to breathe; and Jessy Thurston is very far from odious. She is, in fact, a fairly good-tempered, lively girl, with enough beauty to make her pleasant to look upon, and enough brains to render the task of instructing her in those accomplishments her parents deem essential to her ultimate attainment of the proud position of wife and mother something less than hopeless. Wherefore Miss Cameron speedily grows fond of her, and she of Miss Cameron, to the joy of her parents and the furtherance of correct aims in general. Still, being of an analytic turn of mind, Elspeth is aware that, unless most carefully guarded from those temptations which beset every girl on the threshold of womanhood, Jessy will give those who love her cause to repent their tenderness. For one thing, she is vain; for another, she is obstinate; for a third, she is secretive. The life she has led hitherto, the life of most girls of her class—made up of petty triumphs due to the inventive ability of dress-makers and milliners, the regularity with which her father's clients have paid their bills, of petty afflictions occasioned by a falling off in these respects—is little likely to induce either elevation of sentiment or nobility of purpose. Thus far her faults can scarcely be called hers. Nevertheless, she might be better than she is; of that Elspeth, after taking accurate note of her surroundings, feels sadly sure; and feeling thus sadly sure, sets herself to discover how she may best contribute to her improvement, holding her peace the while, preferring, as I have said, deed to speech.

One of the most frequent visitors at the Thurstons' is Joseph King, otherwise known as Joe, a young man of some five-and-twenty years of age, who from being a penniless lad left to earn his own living as best he might, ill or well, by the loss of his parents when a baby—if loss it could be called, both father and mother being drunken and idle—has gradually worked his way up to becoming Mr. Thurston's foreman and factotum, a position which yields him alike a tolerable income and much renown as a model member of the working class and person of more than ordinary intelligence. And although not entirely free from that spirit of self-assertion which so often mars operative excellence, Joe, it must be conceded, is an uncommonly fine fellow. Six feet one in his stockings, symmetrical as a Hercules, *facile princeps* in the gymnasium, ever ready to side with right against injustice, as eager after learning as a philologist after "roots," with an inexhaustible fund of common-sense, and a strange way of seeing straight through a difficulty, well-nigh individual, it is no wonder that mothers in Bibury eye him with tenderness, and daughters blush on meeting him in the street or coming out of church. Nay, the wonder to Elspeth is that he has not before this seen beauty in some of those reddening countenances, sweetness in those lavish smiles.

But no. He still holds aloof from feast and merry-making; civility for civility still adequately expresses his conception of social intercourse. Nevertheless, when tired with study—he is a zealous advocate for self-culture of the sterner sort—he will look in and have supper with his employer, knowing that he is always welcome, and feeling quite at home in the bright flower-scented parlor full of soft voices, and that presence which is to him as sunshine, as angel music wafted straight from heaven.

For—and herein lies the secret of his indifference to pleasure, commonly so called—this swart, sinewy disciple of John Mill has already found him a tyrant—a tyrant as capricious, as cruel,

as absolutely tyrannical, as ever made a man's life a torment, or got joy of pain.

That Joe is fonder of Jessy than is quite prudent or reasonable is well known, not only by that young lady herself, but by every one of her acquaintances; even Mr. and Mrs. Thurston are no strangers to the fact, neither do they scruple to openly express their regret thereat. A girl's fancy is so light a thing—now here, now there, and then away. It is a pity for a man to set his heart on capturing that—as well chase thistle seed.

But Elspeth thinks differently. She sees in this stalwart love, if only matters will go well, the agent which shall condense those girlish impulses and youthful leanings toward good, now weakly evident, into a pure and noble womanhood, such as may give rest and peace to weary souls when the glories of the dawn have died away and the will faints with fierce noontide heat. Between her and Joe King exists a warm and undisguised liking, such as should rightfully exist between every man and woman with whom truth ranks first, self last.

It is therefore with regret, honorable or absurd, as you choose to consider it, that Elspeth gradually realizes how utterly unable Jessy is to comprehend the worth of this devotion so unremittingly placed at her disposal—that she witnesses Jessy's feeble efforts to wound the great heart wherein she reigns supreme.

"My dear," says Elspeth, one evening, when Miss Thurston has been giving herself more airs than usual, and even gone the length of telling Joe that she shall marry a *gentleman* or no one, "you put me in mind of the man who, wanting a shilling, found a diamond; but being ignorant of the value of the stone, and angry at his disappointment, flung it over a bridge into the river, as he supposed, instead of which it alighted in the lap of a poor barge-woman, who thus instantly became the possessor of a splendid fortune, while he died of starvation."

Jessy laughs.

"Are you the poor barge-woman?" observes she, dryly; "you can be if you choose."

To this remark Miss Cameron vouchsafes no reply. She has had some experience in the treatment of impertinence.

III.

On glide the shadowless days, wholly alike, save for the occasional recurrence of some long-anticipated, time-honored trial, inevitable as the return of Sunday or the succession of wet to fine.

One, and by no means the least important, of these established junketings is the vicar's garden-party, which always takes place in the first week of July, out of deference to the conscientious scruples of strawberries and the rooted principles of roses.

"It's all right!" exclaims Jessy, one broiling afternoon, bursting in upon Elspeth, as, in the privacy of her own apartment, she endeavors to answer certain letters which have long demanded her attention. "Mrs. Price is down stairs, and it's to be on Thursday, and you're asked too. Mother said she was sure you'd like to go; but I was to beg you to come down and speak for yourself."

"Oh, but," replies Elspeth, "I shall never get finished in time to catch the post if I do that. Pray tell Mrs. Price I am much obliged to her for remembering me, and that I shall be delighted to accept her invitation. Say, too, how busy I am."

"Very well," answers Jessy, and departs, her mind already full of the frills, furbelows, bows, and other adornments wherewith she wills to be adorned on the forth-coming festive and interesting occasion.

For the next two days, to be serious, or even mildly rational, seems quite impossible; Jessy's spirits are so uproarious, Jessy's anxieties so tremendous. The barometer is consulted at least three times in an hour. Miss Richards, the dress-maker, who has been installed in the spare bedroom, surrounded by waves of tarlatan, and exposed to a pitiless rain of questions, cuts and sews at button-holes from dawn till eve. To shop constitutes itself the prime object of existence. Elspeth is glad when the all-important day arrives.

"You don't care for all this nonsense, I know," says Fred, gloomily, hitting a croquet ball halfway across the lawn, and then dropping the mallet, as if disgusted at his own frivolity.

"At twenty-five," answers she, calmly, "one certainly does begin to see a little deeper into things; but I do not think that is any special sign of wisdom; it is only natural."

"Are you twenty-five, then?" asks he, considering her with the dubious eyes and wrinkled brow of a critic.

"Yes. I was twenty-five last Saturday."

"Really, I should not have thought that you were two years older than I!"

"Why not?"

"You do not look it."

"Oh yes, I do," she answers; "and not only two years, but five or six. Why, you are only a boy, and I am an old grave woman."

"So old," smiles he, "and so grave!" And then laughs, and gazes down on her, as though it were pleasant to him so to gaze. They are good friends, these two.

The Vicarage at Maiden Bibury is a model Vicarage as regards snugness and propriety, and the Vicarage garden is worthy of the Vicarage. Given sunshine, plenty of fruit, pleasant men and pretty women, it is difficult to see why a gathering on that ample lawn should not be as enjoyable and successful a proceeding as is well possible in a climate which necessitates seal-skin all the year round, and admits of neuralgia in August. On this particular afternoon, the above regulations being strictly adhered to, the justice of the foregoing remark becomes strikingly apparent. And of all the bright bevy of girls—girls in blue and girls in pink, girls in white and girls in green—not one is fairer, or so fair, in the opinion of sundry well-versed judges—for instance, Mr. Skelmersdale Somerhill and Captain Gaunt (who is in the Guards, you know) and Major Paule and—but space presses—as Jessy Thurston. Every maiden is a beauty once, they say. Jessy is beautiful, then, to-day, and she knows it. Indeed, it would be somewhat wonderful if she did not, with eyes alight with admiration bent on her at every turn, soft flatteries poured in an unceasing stream into her eager ears.

"Oh," exclaims she, when at length the spell is broken, and the good-by's said, and they—she and Elspeth and Fred—are on their way home, "was there ever such a delicious party! And Mr. Somerhill, Miss Cameron—what do you think of him?"

"I do not like him," replies Elspeth. "He is so flippant and airified; besides, he has not a good face."

"No," says Fred, "by no means. A regular bad face I call it. Who is he?"

"Somebody very grand," responds Jessy, promptly; "because he told me that he belongs to the Four-in-hand Club, and spent last Christmas at Sandringham."

"Oh!" observes Fred, not at all impressed by these stupendous revelations.

"And," pursues she, "he's going to stay at the Paules' for a fortnight. He came for a week; but *now*"—emphasizing now—"he thinks he can endure another seven days; that is, if he may come and call on mother, and see as much as he likes of me."

"Did he say that?" inquires Fred, looking black as thunder.

"Yes," with a mischievous laugh. "Why shouldn't he? And Captain Gaunt said he would like to come too."

"Cads!" ejaculates Fred, fiercely. "What do they take you for, I should like to know? Not an honest man's daughter, that's certain."

Jessy's face reddens, and her eyes sparkle; it is plain that she is grievously hurt.

"Sh!" smiles Elspeth. "Don't let us spoil our pleasure by quarreling over the silly speeches of two stupid men." And this remonstrance puts an end to the discussion.

But not to the influence of those silly speeches. Of that Elspeth feels tolerably sure. No outward change, it is true, takes place in Jessy's manner, except, perhaps, that she is quieter, less inclined to romp and tease; but a weariness seems to underlie all she does and says, as though her life had lost its savor, as though she were pining to be elsewhere than she is. Mrs. Thurston fancies she must be growing, and wonders if quinine would do her good. Fred calls her sulky; her father, idle. Elspeth alone guesses the true cause of her strange languor; and alarmed lest, through lack of care, some serious evil should grow out of this most unfortunate meeting—a meeting followed up by others of a more or less objectionable character, for Mr. Somerhill, being an idle man, and accustomed to snatch whatever amusement offers, without reference to any higher law than his own fancy, seems to spend his days in loitering about the town, with his fox-terrier at his heels and a cigar between his teeth, ready to accompany any one any where—redoubles her vigilance. So that Jessy now seldom finds herself alone, in-doors or out. This sudden increase of attention, however, instead of awakening her gratitude, seems to rouse her to a dogged, if mute, resistance to authority, which, if continued, must lead to great unhappiness at the very least.

"Why do you not answer when I speak to you, Jessy?" inquires Elspeth, in the tone of one whose patience is all but exhausted, after a long morning of resultless drudgery.

"Because I hate you!" is the prompt rejoinder; "because I wish that you were dead!"

"You have no reason to do that," responds Elspeth, calmly. "You know I only desire your good."

"I know that you are nothing but a nasty mean spy," exclaims the girl, passionately, "and that you do your best to set every one against me, even father!" bursting into a tempest of sobs. She is very fond of her father.

"Your father is vexed at the alteration which he has seen in you of late," says Elspeth, gravely.

Jessy cries on.

At last the storm so long gathering—the storm whereof the spirit is that slight, fair, sapphire-eyed, sarcastic-mouthed gentleman on whom the Bilbury trades-people have already learned to gaze with respect, and the Bilbury ladies with awe and curiosity—breaks, right overhead, scattering consternation and distress, as is the way of such storms in general.

Enraged by her prolonged indifference to his reproofs and her rudeness to Elspeth, Mr. Thurston, who is of a choleric nature, one day orders Jessy to quit the dinner-table and remain in her own room till supper-time. White and defiant, she obeys. Half an hour afterward Elspeth follows her—to find the room empty.

Knowing the evilness of a bad man's thoughts, the weakness of a naturally weak nature distraught with passion, she is at first aghast, and as one dazed. Then power of thought returns, and she tries to discover what is the right thing to do. It is possible that Jessy may have gone no farther than the garden—that she may be in the kitchen—cook is a liberal patron of hers, reserving to her special use savory and dulcet morsels of endless variety. To hurry through the kitchen out into the garden, to scour the garden from end to end, is no sooner seen to be desirable by this troublous soul than done. To no purpose, however; not a sign of Jessy is visible. Grief regnant on her face, Elspeth hastens back into the house; not a moment must she lose, if that which she would do is to be of the least avail.

At the garden door she is met by Fred, newspaper in hand, his pipe in his mouth, bent on mental and moral development beneath a walnut-tree.

"What is the matter?" inquires he, perceiving how alarmed she looks.

For a moment she pauses, as if in two minds about telling him. Then she says, hurriedly,

"Well, I suppose you ought to know; only don't make a fuss—Jessy's gone!"

"Gone!" he echoes. "Gone where?"

"God knows," replies she, distractedly. "I am just off to the railway station; that is, I believe, the likeliest place to meet her in."

"But," exclaims he, laying hold of her arm, "what do you mean? I don't understand."

"Why," she answers, "you know how that man Somerhill has been running after her."

Over Fred's face comes the same black look it wore when he heard how that accomplished gentleman considered his mother's acquaintance essential to a prolonged residence in Bibury.

"I'll go too," says he, quietly, and turns back into the house.

But Elspeth hesitates.

"Not unless you'll promise me not to make a scene," stipulates she.

"I shall make no scene," he answers, "if it can be managed otherwise."

So—there is no one about; Mr. Thurston is, as usual, looking after the men who are at work upon a new villa in St. Swithin's Road, and Mrs. Thurston is asleep—they, Elspeth having got her hat and gloves, set off at once to test the worth of their suspicions. On reaching the station it is evident, from the wide-awake look of porters and flymen, that a train is shortly expected.

Posting themselves at the door of the booking office, our amateur detectives wait on fate. Suddenly a fly drives up, full speed. Elspeth's cheeks flush with excitement; she has caught sight of Mr. Somerhill's *blasé* face through the window.

Fred says something under his breath.

Out steps Mr. Somerhill and—yes, it is—

"Wait!" whispers Elspeth; "wait!"

Slowly, looking timidly to right and left, a girl, closely veiled but still recognizable, now makes her appearance. It is with difficulty that Fred can restrain his wrath.

"Little beast!" growls he; "little deceitful hussy!"

"Come, dear," exclaims Elspeth, as the swing-door opens, and Jessy, her legs trembling beneath her, her heart fluttering like that of a frightened bird, mounts the last step—"come." And she grips tight hold of Jessy's wrist, and draws the girl toward her, quite regardless of Mr. Somerhill's imperious stare. "Please call a fly, Fred; we will go home at once."

At the mention of home a low moan breaks from Jessy's quivering lips.

"Come outside," says Fred, holding back the door. "I shan't be able to keep my hands off that fellow much longer."

Whereat the fellow smiles and turns away. This is the way of *them*.

Secure from the observation of the curious, Jessy's tears flow apace. Elspeth lets her weep unquestioned. Fred is too savage to speak. In silence and humiliation, in grave anxiety and sorrow, they journey on.

But the sun has not yet set of this most grievous day.

"We had better not drive up to the door," says Elspeth, as they turn out of the high street; "if we walk home they will think we have just been for a stroll."

Jessy squeezes her hand with convulsive gratitude.

"Very well," says Fred, and bids the driver stop. They then get out, and walk away slowly toward the house. As they do so a strange sight meets their eyes.

Advancing from the other end of the street is a crowd of workmen, women, and children; and among this crowd is borne on four men's shoulders something—something vague, dark, shapeless.

Elspeth halts; she is afraid, she knows not of what.

The crowd gathers round Mr. Thurston's door.

"Father!" cries Jessy, breaking loose from her detaining hold—"father!" and therewith runs into the midst of them.

They make way for her as for one of the blood royal. Already is she great with woe.

"What is it?" she questions. "Is he dead?" and throwing back her veil, looks round for a reply.

For a while no one seems inclined to answer. Then a gray-haired mason shifts his cap on his head and hitches up his trowsers, as if about to speak.

"I do be afeerd so, miss," says he, reluctantly; "I do be afeerd so."

IV.

Bereavement sudden, terrible as this—for the words above recorded are all too surely justified by fact, Mr. Thurston having sustained such severe injuries in a fall from some scaffolding, due to a loose plank, that he breathed his last within half an hour of his removal to his own house—bereavement such as this, I repeat, is seldom seen in its full horror by eyes asmart with the first salt tears of keenest anguish. It is rather in the dark dull afterward, when the soul, tired out, folds her hands calmly, and sits down face to face with grief, that the extent of the calamity which has befallen us becomes unmistakably apparent, that we know of a surety the magnitude of our loss. So is it with the Thurstons. Mr. Thurston was, as I have said, in no way superior to his avocation. In his youth he could never have been more than passably well-featured or moderately agreeable; in his latter days he was what an unbiased critic might have termed decidedly cross-looking and awkward-tempered; but, luckily for poor human nature, the unbiased critic finds scant accommodation in home circles. To Mrs. Thurston this strident-voiced, red-faced little man was still the lover of her honey-moon; to Fred and Jessy still the Dada who used to gallop away with them to Banbury Cross of winter evenings, and go rose-beetle hunting in the maiden-blush rose-bushes when Sol turns bull-fighter. And he is dead. Lamentation and the noise of weeping may be heard in Bibury. The tenderest of sympathizers, Elspeth's presence is felt to be no small comfort by these afflicted persons. Jessy in particular clings to her for aid and consolation, such as it is in her power to offer, knowing that but for Elspeth the load of sorrow beneath which her mother bends would be twice as heavy, that but for her she might even now be shelterless, a guilty and deserted creature.

"How could I ever have been so mad!" says she one day, as they sit together at work on a black dress for Mrs. Thurston; strict economy is now seen to be essential to the maintenance of a home, Mr. Thurston's recent expenditure having considerably outstripped his resources. "Do you know, when I look back on those three weeks, they seem like a dreadful distracting dream—all confusion and noise and wrongheadedness from beginning to end. I wonder how you could have borne with me—that you did not go away and leave me to do well or ill, as I saw fit. It would have served me right."

Elspeth smiles.

"That is not the teaching of the Cross," replies she, gently; "nor was I tempted to act so. Remember, I am nearly ten years older than you."

"That may be," allows Jessy; "but age is not every thing. I know how good and dear you are, and how much I love you, and how I mean to be your great friend all my life long, if I may. Miss Piper was older than you are, but I never felt toward her like that."

To this unanswerable argument Elspeth can offer no opposition. There are occasions when even logic must accept defeat.

In mournful monotony the sad weeks crawl by, enlivened now and then, if one may so term it, by the calls of pitying friends; the coming in of fresh business, which Joseph King hails with delight, his mind being far from easy on the score of ways and means for these two poor women, in whose welfare he takes so lively an interest; the occasional occurrence of something startling, either in the little world of Bibury or the great outside world, where opinions stand for attributes and circumstances for character; but still sadly destitute of novelty, till one September morning, when Fred enters the parlor, where Elspeth is arranging some flowers in a china bowl to set on the little table by Mrs. Thurston's sofa, as pleasant food for poor dim eyes, and says, without preamble or pause,

"I'm going to China!"

"Eh!" ejaculates she, looking up at him quite startled.

"I am going to China!" he reiterates; "I can do no good here. Joe's a much better man of business—building business, I mean—than I am. People trust him, and they look on me as an inexperienced idiot. I've seen that ever since father died. So you must break it to mother as well as you can. You'll do that for me, won't you?"

"Yes," she answers; "but are you not acting rather rashly?"

"No," is the quick rejoinder; "I've given it my full consideration; and the terms these Chinese merchants offer are splendid—three hundred a year to begin with, my passage out, and an increase to five hundred in two years' time if I suit, besides opportunities for trading. Nothing could be better. I shall be able to save quite a nice sum before I'm thirty; and with you here to look after mother and Jessy—why, the thing doesn't admit of discussion."

"In that case," observes Elspeth, demurely, "I need say no more." And she reverts to her asters.

For a while he stands still and watches her. Then with an ejaculation of impatience, part sigh, part groan, he turns away and walks to the window.

"What is the matter?" says she, considering a yellow dahlia.

"You don't seem to care a bit."

"Don't I?"

"But do you?"

"Certainly."

"But only in a cold, pragmatical kind of way; not as I want you to care, as I would give my life that you should care."

"I don't understand you," says she, quietly.

"That is not true," he retorts, turning toward her. "You understand me well enough, only you think I am a boy, and can be put off with polite nothings. I don't mean to be rude," seeing her cheeks flame, "but I'm awfully miserable, and oh, Elspeth"—catching hold of her hand and pressing it to his lips—"do be merciful to me!"

"Merciful to you?" she echoes, wresting her fingers from his clasp. "Why, you must be wild. Pray don't be so stupid!" And she rises from her chair, her face still pink with vexation.

"But I am not stupid," he declares. "Stupid to love you, the dearest, the best of all women on the earth?"

"I am old enough to be your mother," a little bitterly.

"You are two years older than I am, that is all."

"That is sufficient to render our present attitude absurd."

"Not if you thought of me as I think of you."

"Ah, if!" smiles she, her eyes bent upon the ground.

"Is there no hope, then?" he asks, after a brief pause.

She turns her face away; her color comes and

goes. Can she, then, have so far forgotten herself as to—

"Elspeth!" he exclaims, and would imprison her in his arms.

But she starts back.

"No," she says, gravely, and puts away his hands; "it would never do—never. People would only laugh."

"Let them."

"And a woman is always older than a man; you would soon get tired of me."

"Should I?"

"Yes, that you would. Besides, it is not to be thought of; it is utterly absurd. I will not hear of such a thing!" vehemently. "No, you must go to China and get rich, and then come back and marry some one nice, some one quite young and pretty and suitable," laughing rather weakly.

"All right," answers he, cheerfully; "I will. I'll follow out your instructions to the letter, if I live; that is, I'll go to China and get rich, and come home and marry some one quite young and pretty and suitable, and you shall be the first to own it."

And she laughs again, and says, "Very well;" but her voice shakes and her eyes are oddly bright.

Scarce a leaf has fallen when the good ship *Christine*, which numbers among her passengers a certain tall, fair, resolute-looking young man, not altogether unknown to the inhabitants of Bibury and the readers of this story, weighs anchor and steams out of Southampton Water, bound for Hong-Kong; and Mrs. Thurston again knows the anguish of farewell, again sits desolate, the bondwoman of memory.

V.

June the first, eighteen hundred and seventy-three.

Fred has been away five years, five long, busy, much-producing years. In his letters, as regular as the arrival of the mails, he has said much of his manner of life, the strange sights he has seen, the strange food he has eaten, the strange people with whom he has become acquainted, but little of that life itself, of all he has effected or missed effecting, of his hopes, his intentions.

"He writes," said his mother some time back, when Elspeth had made an end of reading one of these voluminous documents—Mrs. Thurston is stone-blind now; the oculist whom she has consulted speaks mysteriously of "undue strain on the lachrymal channels, and constant expression;" Jessy wonders if he means too much crying, but that is her abrupt, unscientific mode of speech, you know—"he writes," said the old lady, "like a person who cherishes a purpose of which he does not choose to speak. Doesn't it strike you so, my dear?"

But Elspeth only raised her eyebrows, feeling unequal to the formation of opinion. Nevertheless, objective as might be Fred's style, not to say dry, that he so faithfully adheres to that promise of his given at the moment of departure, namely, to write twice a fortnight, however little, is matter for self-congratulation. Tom Payne, who went to Australia about the same time, has not been heard of for two years. Philip Symes, who is a clerk in a Calcutta house, will miss three mails in four. But then Fred was never quite like other young men; there was always a something about him—a composure, a sweetness, an air of integrity—even in the days when he was a great crowing, golden-headed, crimson-visaged baby—mind you, this is what his mother says; I have nothing to do with that.

And now it is the 1st of June, 1873, and Jessy is to be married in exactly a week's time, a week from to-day—married to Joe—good, clever, noble Joe—who has worked early and late to insure her and her mother not merely bread and a house to live in, but a home such as he deems fit for the wife and daughter of the man who made him, for the women he venerates and loves with all the force of his strong loving nature. Elspeth is rarely joyful at the prospect of this union. She believes that it will be productive of vast stores of happiness, will secure rich blessings and promote all good. Her affectionate anxiety on Jessy's behalf has not been thrown away. The wayward, vain little miss of fifteen has developed into a singularly charming girl of twenty, a girl any man might be justly proud to call his "wife"—even Mr. Skelmersdale Somerhill, who now occupies the distinguished post of secretary to a cabinet minister, and is looked upon as a rising man by those who know.

"If only Fred could give me away instead of Mr. Fry, it would be perfect," observes our bride elect, as she lays aside a petticoat bodice, which she has been trimming with fine embroidery of her own making, about eight o'clock on this initial evening—a beautiful evening, calm, opalescent, sweet with the breath of flowers.

"Ah!" replies Elspeth, without looking up from her book, and sighs.

"Why do you sigh, dear?" inquires Jessy, gently. Sometimes she is struck all too sharply by the contrast between her friend's life and her own—the one so pale and pleasureless, the other so bright and pleasureful.

But Elspeth makes no answer. Perhaps she did not hear.

Presently, Jessy having gone up stairs, Miss Cameron, book in hand, strolls out into the garden, strolls to the garden gate, and, leaning over, gazes dreamily up the now silent street. Suddenly a tall man turns the corner—a man with a tanned keen face and bright blue eyes and a long blonde mustache—a man the sight of whom makes her cheeks white and her knees weak.

Like one entranced, she, without moving, lets him approach.

"Ah!" exclaims he, his lips parting in a smile as he comes close, "not a bit altered; just the same as ever; quite young and pretty and"—as their hands meet—"suitable. Elspeth, you know me?"

"Yes," says she, smiling back at him, shyly, sweetly, not quite untenderly, "you are Fred; you have come back to be present at Jessy's wedding."

"And my own," he adds, "if I may!"

A week, and the abbey bells ring merrily in honor of a double wedding, such as Bibury has seldom seen. A week, and four happy souls start happily upon that pilgrimage to which death may alone set bounds. Wish them well.

(Continued from No. 933, page 948.)

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A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "AURORA FLOYD," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"WHEN TIME SHALL SERVE, BE THOU NOT SLACK."

NOTHING could be more inviting than the aspect of Humphrey Clissold's rooms at eight o'clock on the following evening, when their proprietor stood on his hearth, waiting the arrival of his expected guest. The weather was by no means warm, and the glass and silver on the friendly-looking circular table sparkled in the glow of a brightly burning fire. The spotless damask, the dainty arrangement of the table, with its old Chelsea-ware dessert dishes filled with amber-tinted Jersey pears and dusky-hued filberts, agreeably suggestive of good old port, indicated a careful landlady and well-trained servants. The dumb-waiter, with its reserve of glasses and cruets, guaranteed that luxurious ease which is not dependent on external service.

Mr. Elgood, arriving on the scene as the clocks of Bloomsbury struck the hour, surveyed these preparations with an eye that glistened with content—nay, almost brightened to rapture as it wandered from the table to the fender, where, in a shadowy corner, reposed the expected bottle of port, cobweb-wreathed, chalk-marked liquid rubies, clouded here and there by a bee's-wing, as an emerald by its feather.

The savory odor of fried fish, mingled with the appetizing fumes of roasting meat, had greeted the visitor's nostrils as he ascended the stairs. Even his nice judgment had failed to divine whether the joint were beef or mutton, but he opined mutton. No one but a barbarian would load his table with sirloin for a *tête-à-tête* dinner when Providence had created the Welsh hills, doubtless with a view to the necessities of the dinner-table.

"Glad to see you so punctual," said Humphrey, cheerily.

"My dear Mr. Clissold, to be unpunctual is to insult one's host and injure one's self. What can atone for the ruin of an excellent dinner? You may remember what Dean Swift said to his cook when she had roasted the joint to rags, and was fain to confess she could not undo the evil: 'Beware, wench, how you commit a fault which can not be remedied.' A dinner spoiled is an irremediable loss."

The soup had been put upon the table while Mr. Elgood thus philosophized, so the two gentlemen sat down without further delay, and the comedian gazed blandly upon the amber sherry and the garnet-hued claret, while Humphrey invoked a blessing on the feast, and then the business of dinner began in good earnest.

The joint was mutton, and Welsh, whereby Mr. Elgood's soul was at ease, and he gave himself up to the enjoyment of the table with unaffected singleness of purpose. A brace of partridges and a Parmesan *fondu* followed the haunch, and when these had been dispatched the comedian flung himself back in his chair with a sigh of repletion.

"Well, my dear Mr. Clissold," he said, "you are a very accomplished gentleman in many ways, but this I will say, that I never met the man yet who was your match in giving a snug little dinner. Brilsby Savory, or whatever his name was, couldn't have beat you."

"I am glad you have enjoyed your dinner, Mr. Elgood. I am of opinion that a good dinner is the best prelude to serious conversation; and I want to have a little quiet and confidential talk with you this evening upon a very serious matter."

"Behold me at your service—your slave to command," answered Mathew, whose enthusiasm was not easily to be damped. "I bare my bosom to your view," he added, with a dramatic gesture, indicative of throwing open his waistcoat.

They were alone by this time. The servant had carried away the dinner things, and only the decanters and fruit dishes remained on the table.

"You speak boldly, Mr. Elgood," said Humphrey, with sudden gravity, "yet, perhaps, if I were to ask you some questions about your past life you would draw back a little."

"My past life, although full of vicissitude, has been honest," answered the comedian. "I fear no man's scrutiny."

"Good. Then you will not be angry if I question you rather closely upon one period of your checkered career. It is in the interest of your—of Justina that I do so."

"Proceed, Sir," said Mathew, a troubled look overclouding the countenance which had just now beamed with serenity.

"Did you ever hear the name of Eden?"

Mr. Elgood started, more violently than he had done on a previous occasion at the mention of Borcel End. The silver dessert knife with which he was peeling a Jersey pear dropped from between his fingers.

"I see you do know that name," said Humphrey, passing from interrogation to affirmation. "You bore it once at Borcel End, the old farm-house on the Cornish moors, where you took shelter in bitter winter weather, just nineteen years ago last February."

The glow which the good things of this life had kindled in Mr. Elgood's visage faded slowly out, and left him very pale.

"How did you know that?" he gasped.

"I had it from the lips of a dying woman—Mrs. Trevanard."

"What! is Mrs. Trevanard dead?"

"Yes; she died a fortnight ago."

"And she told you—"

"All. The birth of the child she intrusted to your care. The old family Bible she gave you, from which you took the name of Justina."

The shrewd guess, stated as a fact, passed uncontradicted. Humphrey's speculative assertion had hit the truth.

"The supposed daughter who has borne your name all these years, the girl who has worked for you, who now maintains you, who has been faithful, obedient, and devoted to you, has not one drop of your blood in her veins. She is Muriel Trevanard's child."

"You choose to make a statement," said Mathew Elgood, who had somewhat recovered his self-possession by this time, "which I do not feel myself called upon either to deny or admit. I am willing to acknowledge that in a time of severe misfortune I took shelter upon Mrs. Trevanard's premises; that I called myself by a name that was not my own, rather than expose my destitution to the world's contumely. But whatever passed between Mrs. Trevanard and myself at that period is sacred. I swore to keep the secret confided to me to my dying day, and it will descend with me to the tomb of my ancestors," added Mr. Elgood, grandly, as if, for the moment at least, he really believed that he had a family vault at his disposal.

"You may consider yourself absolved of your oath," said Humphrey. "Mrs. Trevanard confided in me during the last days of her life, and I pledged myself to see her grandchild righted."

"Mrs. Trevanard must have changed very much at the last if she expressed any interest in the fate of her grandchild," returned Mathew, forgetting that he had refused to make any admission. "When she gave the child to me and my wife, she resigned all concern in its future; it was to fare as we fared, to sink or swim with us."

"In that wretched hour she thought the child nameless and fatherless. I did my best to persuade her that she had been too hasty in her conclusion. It shall be my business to prove Justina's legitimacy."

"That is to say, you mean to take my daughter away from me," exclaimed the comedian, wrathfully. "Little did I know what a snake in the grass I had been cherishing, warming the adder in my bosom, sheltering the scorpion on my domestic hearth. This is what your kettle-drums and snug little dinners and port and filberts are to end in. You would rob a poor old man of the staff and comfort of his declining years: six pounds a week, and a certainty of a rise to ten if the next part she plays is a success."

"You are hasty, Mr. Elgood, and unjust. Heaven knows, if it were a question of my own happiness, I would leave the dear girl you have brought up, Justina Elgood, till I had the Archbishop of Canterbury's permission to give her my own name. But, having promised to perform a certain duty, I should be a scoundrel if I left it undone. What if I tell you that I have reason to believe Justina entitled to a large estate, an estate of six or seven thousand a year?"

Mr. Elgood sank back in his chair aghast. He had drunk a good many glasses of wine in the course of that comfortable little dinner, and there was some slight haziness in his brain. Six thousand a year, six pounds a week. Six pounds a week, six thousand a year—over a hundred pounds a week. There was a wide margin for spending in the difference between the lesser and greater sum. But of the six pounds a week, while Justina supposed herself his daughter, he was certain. Would she share her annual six thousand as freely when she knew that he had no claim upon her filial piety?

He pondered the question for a few moments, and then answered it in the affirmative. Generous, good, loving, she had ever been. If good fortune befell her she would not grudge the old man his share of the sunshine. He had not been a bad father to her, he told himself, take him for all in all—not overpatient or considerate, perhaps, in those early days before he had discovered any dramatic talent in her, a little prone to think of his own comfort before hers, but, upon the whole, as fathers go, not a bad kind of parent. And he felt very sure she would stand by him. Yes, he felt sure of Justina. But he must be on his guard against this scheming fellow, Clissold, who had contrived to get hold of a secret that had been kept for nineteen years, and doubtless meant to work it for his own advantage. It would be Mathew Elgood's duty to countermarch him here.

"So, Mr. Clissold," he began, after about five minutes' reverie. "You are a pretty deep fellow, you are, in spite of your easy, open-handed, open-hearted, free-spoken ways. You think you can establish my Justina's claim to a fine fortune, do you? And, I suppose, when the claim is established, and the girl I have brought up from babyhood, and toiled for and struggled for many a long year, comes into her six thousand per annum, you'll expect to get her for your wife, with the six or seven thousand at her back. Rather a good stroke of business for you."

"I expect nothing," answered Humphrey, gravely. "I love Justina with all my heart, as truly as ever an honest man loved a fair and noble woman; but I have refrained from any expression of my heart's desire, lest I should bind her by a promise while her position is thus uncertain. Let her win the station to which I believe she is entitled; and if, when it is won, she cares to reward my honest affection, I will take her and be proud of her, but not one whit prouder than I should be to take her for my wife to-morrow, knowing her to be your daughter."

"Spoken like a man and a gentleman," exclaimed the comedian. "Come, Mr. Clissold, I couldn't think badly of you if I tried. I'll trust you; and it shall be no fault of mine if Justina is not yours, rich or poor. She's worthy of you, and you're worthy of her, and I believe she has a sneaking kindness for you."

Humphrey smiled, happy in a conviction which needed no support from Mathew Elgood's opinion. That little look of Justina's yesterday, that tender look of greeting, that sweet expression, had been worth volumes of common eloquence. He knew himself beloved.

"And now tell me what your ideas are, and how Mrs. Trevanard—the strangest woman, and the closest, that I ever met—came to confide in you, and how it has entered into your mind that our Justina has any legal right to either name or fortune."

"I'll tell you," said Humphrey, and forthwith proceeded to relate all that he had learned at Borcel, a great deal of which was new to Mathew Elgood, who had been told nothing about the parentage of the child committed to his care. It was essential to Justina's interests that her adopted father should know all, since he was the only witness who could prove her identity with the child born at Borcel End.

"It seems tolerably clear that this George Penwyn must have been the father," said Mr. Elgood. "But who is to prove a marriage?"

"If a marriage took place the proof must exist somewhere, and it must be for one of us to find it," answered Humphrey. "The first person to apply to is Miss Barlow, Muriel's school-mistress, supposing her to be still living. The only period of Muriel's absence from the farm after she left school was the time she spent with Miss Barlow—three weeks—so that if any marriage took place it must have happened during that visit. I have searched the registers of both churches at Seacomb without result. But it is not likely that George Penwyn would contract a secret marriage within twelve miles of his father's house. Whatever occurred in those three weeks Miss Barlow must have been in some measure familiar with. My first business, therefore, must be to find her. When last heard of she was established as a teacher of music in the neighborhood of London. A directory ought to help us to her address if she is still living within the postal radius."

"True," said Mathew, glancing at the shelves which lined the room from floor to ceiling. "I suppose among all these books you have the Post-office Directory?"

"No; strange to say, it is a branch of literature I am deficient in. I must wait till to-morrow to look for Miss Barlow's address."

"How did it occur to you that my daughter Justina and that castaway child were one and the same?"

"Well, I hardly know how the idea first took possession of me. It was a kind of instinct. The circumstances that led me to think it seem insignificant enough when spoken of, but to my mind they assumed exaggerated importance; perhaps it was your look of surprise when I mentioned Borcel End that first awakened my suspicions, not of the actual truth, but of some mysterious connection between yourself and the Trevanards."

"I certainly was astonished when you spoke of that out-of-the-way farm-house."

"Then the name Justina, which I heard of as a family name at Borcel End, that set me thinking; the fact that your daughter was said to have been born at Seacomb, within a few miles of that remote farm-house, the fact that her age tallied with the age of Muriel's child. Never mind how I came by the conviction, since I happily, or unhappily, stumbled on the truth. But tell me how you fared when you left Borcel End that bleak spring morning."

"Well, it wasn't the most comfortable kind of departure, certainly—seven miles on foot on a cold March morning, and an infant to carry into the bargain. But my poor wife and I had gone through too much to be particular about trifles, and we were both of us sustained by the thought of a snug little fortune in my breast pocket; for you may suppose that to us two hundred pounds odd seemed the capital of a future Rothschild. Mrs. Trevanard had given us some substantial clothing into the bargain, and my poor Nell wore a good cloth cloak, under which the baby was kept warm and snug. She was stronger too, my poor girl, for the month's rest and plentiful food that we had enjoyed at Borcel; indeed, though our lodging there was but a deserted hay-loft, I don't think either of us were ever happier than when Nell sat at her needle-work and I lay luxuriously reposing on a truss of hay while I read an old magazine aloud to her. We were shut out from the world, but we had peace and rest and plenty; and I think we were pretty much like the birds of the air as to thought of the morrow, in those days. But now that I had Mrs. Trevanard's savings in my breast pocket I began to take a serious view of life, and throughout that walk to Seacomb I was scheming and contriving, till at last, just as we came in sight of the town, I cried out in a burst of enthusiasm, 'Yes, Nell, I've hit it.' 'Hit what?' asked my wife. 'Hit upon the surest way to make our fortunes, my girl,' I answered, all of a glow with the thought. 'We'll take a theatre.' 'Lor, Mat,' said my wife, with a gasp, 'and I can play the leading business!' Managers had been putting other wom-